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EDITORIAL

STANDARDS FOR ISRAEL

This week we are turning over our entire editorial section to a series of meditations on the recent events in Israel and Lebanon. Farther on in the issue we present an article by Matti Megged on Israeli censorship.

Such attention raises the question of whether we are holding Israel to a double standard. If Israel in recent weeks has shown a darker side, what about Iran or Syria or Argentina or the Philippines? Why not articles as well about far worse censorship in other countries?

These are fair questions. We ask them of ourselves, and we think our readers should know our answers.

First, we think any government should be judged by the standards to which it professes to adhere. Israel describes itself as a democracy and should accordingly be judged by the standards of a democracy.

Second, we believe that the most searching scrutiny should begin at home. Though Israel is not our home, it is certainly shored up by the power and purse of the United States more than any other country in the world, and we think we should be as tough on it as on the United States.

Third, there is the practical fact that because Israel is largely an open society, we know more about its workings than we do about those of most of its neighbors. Unfortunately, repressive governments often succeed in making it difficult for outsiders to acquire, and insiders to disclose, information. We do not underestimate this problem and we acknowledge the duty to try to correct it.

Having said this, it might still be unfair to single out Israel for such attention if the consequence were to weaken Israel. We do not think that is the case. We believe criticism is healthy for any country. Israel can only be stronger if it rids itself of that which is rotten within it, be it moral complicity or censorship.

ANSWERING PODHORETZ
Christopher Hitchens

DILEMMAS OF A REPORTER
A.J. Langguth

ENVIRONMENT MOVEMENT MATURING
Tom Chaffin

ISRAEL'S CENSORSHIP
Matti Megged

D.M. THOMAS'S PUSHKIN
Michael Henry Heim

ISRAEL AND THE MASSACRES

OF POWER AND MORALITY

PHILIP GREEN

At the end of July 1944, the Red Army stood on the east bank of the Vistula River on the outskirts of Warsaw. For several days Moscow Radio had broadcast encouragement to the Polish underground army in Warsaw: if the Poles would rise up against the Nazi overlords, the Red Army would join them for the day of liberation. On August 1, the Polish Home Army rose up. For two months, as the German Army gradually wiped them out almost to the last man, the Russians remained on the bank of the Vistula, motionless. Never has any Soviet leader publicly acknowledged any Soviet responsibility for the events of those days. It would have been too costly to divert men and matériel into Warsaw, Stalin said at the time, and in any event the Red Army did not know the full details of what was going on.

The Russians, as we know, have not been the only ones to plead ignorance and disclaim responsibility in the face of barbarity. Whatever position one takes on the relevance of the Holocaust analogy to contemporary events (and it must certainly be the most abused historical analogy of all), there is something to be learned from looking at the way in which even that horror went "unobserved," an atrocity falling in the forest with no one to hear it. After the liberation of Dachau by the Allied armies, for example, American military investigators fanned out over Munich and its suburbs, seeking testimony from those who had been aware of the nightmare in their midst. No one had been aware: not ordinary citizens, not even police chiefs, mayors, army commanders. All of them had remained invincible in their ignorance while the greatest mass murder in history took place in broad day-

(*Continued on Page 323*)

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LETTERS.

ENERGY: NO QUICK FIX

Frederick, Md.

This letter is prompted by two articles published in the April 24 *Nation*. They appear under the general heading "Build a Better Mousetrap—I and II" and purport to reveal the "remarkable" stories of two energy inventions, "the maverick scientists who created them and the industrial and governmental establishments that have resisted them." My purpose in writing is to set the record straight on a number of points the authors raise to support their conclusions.

The first article, "A Rejected 'Coal Reactor'" by Fred J. Cook, concerns the lack of government interest in a coal reactor invented by Dr. Louis Gold. . . . I have been familiar with Gold's work for many years. During my service as chief of the division of research and development in the Department of the Interior's office of coal research and later as a senior technical adviser at the Department of Energy, I was involved in evaluating Gold's proposals, including his request for funding to build a plant utilizing his coal reactor. During my meetings with Gold, my meeting with Dr. Ruth Aranow, as well as telephone conversations with the engineering contractor firm of Henningson, Durham and Richardson, I asked repeatedly for additional information on the project so that a proper evaluation of the process could be undertaken. On no occasion did anyone furnish such data. Even the most basic information, such as a block flow diagram—a standard engineering tool—was not forthcoming. Under such circumstances, the department had insufficient information on which to evaluate Gold's proposal.

Cook asserts that the D.O.E. "is not willing to risk a few inconsequential millions to find out whether Gold's coal reactor will really unlock the energy future." This statement is both inaccurate and unfair. Contrary to the opinions of some critics, the D.O.E. is not in the business of "throwing" money at ideas that don't provide some assurance of success. Further, a process similar to Gold's plan for using limestone in coal gasification for the purpose of absorbing sulfur has, indeed, been supported by a D.O.E. contract. The facility that uses this process has been in operation for a number of years under an agreement with Rockwell/Cities Service.

The second article, "A Long-Lost Synfuels Process" by Alexander R. Peters, deals with a low-temperature carbonization (LTC) process developed by Lewis Karrick. . . . LTC is, I believe, a good route to the production of synthetic fuels from coal. Since the early 1900s, many investigations have been undertaken on LTC methods. At least 1,000 patents have been granted to various LTC processes. However, each time one of them was evaluated, it was found to be uneconomical.

In the 1950s, the Consolidation Coal Company developed an LTC process and was planning to install it in a power plant that was designed to burn the char produced by the LTC operation. As plans were developed, however, the project was found to be uneconomical and was never built. Consolidation Coal would have had to accept a lower price for the coal it supplied to the plant's owners in exchange for including special features in the power plant design to enable it to burn the char.

The principal difficulty with LTC is the crude nature of the liquid (tar) produced and the char (a solid coke-like product resulting from the low-temperature carbonization). This char, from a high-sulfur coal, will have a sulfur content at least equal to, and in some cases higher than, the coal from which it came. This sulfur will produce acid rain just as surely as the sulfur in the original coal, contrary to what Peters asserts.

I noted when reading these articles that their authors do not purport to be energy experts. However, their willingness to pass quick judgments on these "inventions" is irresponsible and does a great disservice to those people who are working diligently to develop alternative fuel technologies. Their simplistic and cynical view of the quick energy "fix" being obstructed by big business or big government does little to educate others on the complexities of synthetic fuels development.

Neal P. Cochran

COOK REPLIES

Interlaken, N.J.

There must be two entirely different Neal P. Cochrans. Certainly, the ostensibly conscientious and professional engineering consultant who wrote this letter bears not the slightest resemblance to the arrogant and contemptuous public official whose voice I heard on a Baltimore radio program.

If Neal Cochran, the public official, had had the kind of specific objections to Gold's proposal that he now says he had, why didn't he explain them when given the opportunity? Instead, as I noted in my article, his contempt for Gold seemed almost visceral when he said: "I wouldn't call him a 'doctor.' I call him 'Mr.' Gold."

Bob Lopez, the Baltimore reporter who conducted the interview, told me that he had been shocked by Cochran's eagerness to attack Gold. It seemed, Lopez told me, as if Cochran couldn't wait to attack him.

The inevitable conclusion, I think, was the one I drew in my article—and the new Neal Cochran comes belatedly to the defense of the old.

Fred J. Cook

PETERS REPLIES

New York City

Neal P. Cochran's response is unfortunately typical of his old department, the D.O.E., which didn't even know that Japan had a very successful LTC industry in World War II (despite the fact that this information is in their files) and that LTC was the most successful of the synfuels processes used by the Nazis (the D.O.E. said hydrogenation was).

Britain's LTC industry has been profitable since its inception in 1935 and has never once received a government subsidy. Apparently, the more than 100 U.S. companies currently in the act of commercializing LTC don't share Cochran's prognosis of its possibilities. In fact, they laud a process as adaptable as LTC, which uses as fuel a wide range of substances, including coal, waste rubber tires, garbage, and agricultural and industrial wastes.

Cochran might also be interested to know that a recent analysis of LTC liquids set their value at $60 a barrel. The British Fuel Research Board says that LTC smokeless fuel produces 29 percent more heat than the coal from which it is made. If the hydrogenation process D.O.E. pushes could do that well, perhaps the business pages wouldn't be filled with stories of Big Oil's failures with its synfuel products.

Perhaps Big Oil should listen to one of its own. Dr. L. E. Furlong, Exxon's manager of project development and planning, grudgingly admitted that Exxon uses LTC steps in three of its new processes, despite deprecating the general use of it. "LTC steps are highly efficient. They're more thermally efficient than hydrogenation," Furlong said.

But Cochran truly demonstrates his lack of knowledge of LTC with his complaint about the sulfur content of LTC char. Since he says that the authors of these articles are not experts, I give him E. R. Mellinger, worldwide energy consultant and LTC expert for over half a century: "LTC recovers both the nitrogen oxide and the sulfur dioxide from the coal in its flue gases." There is no sulfur in the char; it all goes into the flue gases, from which it can be profitably recovered as ammonium sulfate, the basic ingredient in many fertilizers.

Alexander R. Peters

GENERATING 'GENESIS'

San Rafael, Calif.

I was pleased to see that Robert Hatch liked the computer simulation of the genesis effect in *Star Trek II* so much ["Films," *The Nation*, Aug. 21-28], and I was amused by his conjecture that the effect was probably "relatively easy to bring off." It is in fact one of the most sophisticated and difficult pieces of computer graphics ever done. Several of the best computer graphics people worked for many months on this scene, and it took literally months of computer time to produce.

Rob Cook
Computer Research and Development
Lucasfilm Ltd.

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EDITORIALS.

Power and Morality

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

light, before nothing but averted human eyes.

As we also know, it was not only German eyes that were averted. From August 1942 on, the desperate news of the camps, and what was happening in them, had been pouring into Washington. The State Department, over a two-year period, stood fast and did nothing. There would be no bombing of the camps, no commando raids, no separate negotiations; reasons of state must prevail, and in any event the facts are not clear . . .

Those kinds of facts rarely are "clear" to presidents, prime ministers, secretaries of state, generals and their ilk. Rarely, but not—happily—never. In 1942 and 1943, the Germans, with the enthusiastic assistance of the Vichy police, undertook the final roundup of Jewish refugees who had sought sanctuary in France. In southeastern France, though, not the German Army but the Italian Army, Mussolini's Fascist legions, held the reins of power. And there, month after month, the Germans and their French allies were stymied in the carrying out of their appointed task because Italian soldiers, policemen and even military commanders stood between them and their intended victims, even releasing those who had already been jailed. So long as the Italians could prevent it, this was a thing that could not, would not, be done.

What the officers of a Fascist army would not allow if their lives depended on it, the military and civilian commanders of the Israeli Army allowed—and looked the other way.

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Only a mind tortured by its own self-deceptions will say now: I don't want to judge, all the facts aren't in, they may not have known, they could not have known. Who could *not* have known? The men who gave the orders to "purify" the camps could not have known that the camps would indeed be purified? Those who want to take no responsibility for the events they bring about must remain in private life; those who willingly take on the arrogance of public power must accept the fate of never again being able to say those weaseling words: It was not my fault. They can only say: If I had to do what was terrible, that was to avoid what would have been even more terrible. And to that, as Machiavelli put it, the Prince can only add: History will be my judge. But on those who refuse even to acknowledge their "necessary" crimes, history passes only one judgment: contempt without forgiveness, forever and ever and ever.

It is important to remember, if we had forgotten it, that Israel is a democracy. It ought to be heartening to all of us, Jews and non-Jews, that nowhere in the world has protest at the abomination of Beirut been fiercer than in Israel itself—just as nowhere in the world was protest at the destructiveness that culminated in My Lai fiercer than in America itself. (It is equally disheartening, though, to see how shamefully tepid has been the response of so much of official American Jewry.) But beyond that dialogue of protest and accommodation, we have to remember that governments are not exculpated merely because they are democratic. Wrong is not made right by votes of confidence or public opinion polls. To exculpate those who commit a wicked action on the grounds that it was carried out in the name of a legitimate majority is only to cast doubt on the proposition that democratic majority rule is a better way of ruling than any other. Only punishment, voluntarily undertaken, exculpates or purges; nothing else.

Punishment? It has been said, and will be said again, that Israel is subject to a double standard. Where are the voices crying out that the Ayatollah must resign to atone for Iranian brutality in the continuing war against Iraq? Where, for that matter, are the voices of those who will not accept the legitimacy of our own government because it has still not confronted, atoned for, what was done in our name in Vietnam? But what those who raise the embarrassingly irrelevant accusations of "double standard" and "anti-Semitism" and "blood libel" refuse to acknowledge is how many of those voices that now cry out so one-sidedly are the voices of Jews themselves.

Why should that be so? Ours are the voices, in many cases, of Jews whose moral identity was formed in the crucible of the confrontation with the ultimate evil of Nazism. We have learned since, to our endlessly recurring sorrow, that the evil of Nazism, though enormous, was not unique. Still, though, the lesson we have held onto is not about evil but about goodness: there are those in the world who commit massacres and those who don't, who even seek justice actively. To be a Jew, we have always tried to think, was to be among the latter—was therefore a blessing, however terrible the curse of being subjected to the depredations of the former.

Probably our view was hopelessly naïve from the moment Jabotinsky and Menachem Begin first chose terror as their means to power; it has certainly been compromised often enough since by the practical necessities of Jewish statehood. But it has meant something to us far beyond what simple statehood can convey. Simple statehood may satisfy the feelings of those whose primary Jewish identity does not go beyond the desire for sheer brute survival, as encapsulated in the understandable but debased slogan "Never Again." Others of us, though, as the years of statehood have inexorably merged so-called Jewish identity with the most noxious versions of *raison d'état*, have clung, perhaps less and less realistically, to a different feeling: the hope that we may still see the reconciliation of principled moral identity with (as Machiavelli put it) the unprincipled exigencies of national identity. Now, for Jews—for many of us Jews, that is—the most signal accomplishment of Menachem Begin may yet turn out to be that he has been the bearer of the awful tidings that Jews are not better than anyone else, and sometimes worse; that there is nothing to take special pride in, in being a Jew.

Will the deliverance of that knowledge have been worthwhile as the price of a "solution" to the Palestinian problem that, if not "final," will forever be infamous? Will the revulsion of conscience now under way in Israel perhaps be the first step toward a righting of the balance between power and morality? History will be the judge.

Philip Green, a member of The Nation*'s editorial board, teaches government at Smith College.*

Notes on a Tragedy

A murder is of course despicable; a massacre is of course contemptible. And yet murder is most often regarded as a social act, while a massacre is seen as part of politics.

* * *

A Turk killing an Armenian does not look exactly the same as an Armenian killing a Turk. Here the acts of killing are not equated, because people tend to allow an Armenian to do things they would not allow a Turk to do. People will always allow certain groups to do things to others—it just depends on which groups and which others.

Jews are shocked by the murder of a Jew by an Arab. They are less shocked by the murder of an Arab by a Jew, because to them an Arab is more contemptible than a Jew. Arabs, similarly, tend to be more shocked by the murder of an Arab by a Jew than vice versa, because to them a Jew is a loathsome object.

There are, to be sure, many Jews who will rise to protest against the murder of an Arab by a Jew. And yet even those good souls, if they were to search their hearts, would admit that more Jews would deplore an Arab tragedy than Arabs would a Jewish one. They would regard themselves in some way as morally superior—and the strange thing that happens when you feel yourself to be superior to other

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people is that in fact you become inferior to them.

* * *

The world seems able to tolerate atrocities by those who are understood to be victims. That is why so many people accept atrocities committed by Arab guerrillas, and why so many people accept atrocities committed by Jews: they are both allowed to victimize because they are victims.

There is, however, a kind of pendulum effect here, because the status of being a victim tends to shift. When you are a legitimate victim, you have a right to victimize your neighbor—but if you go on victimizing him, eventually *he* becomes seen as the legitimate victim and has the right to victimize you.

This is not merely a vicious circle but a stupid one. Stupid because it attributes justice to one side and criminality to the other, instead of recognizing that crimes are criminal and justice just, regardless of sides. As long as murder by one side is justified, there will be murder.

Massacres are part of this vicious and stupid circle. Here figures become the moral measure: 500 victims is bad but not as bad as 1,000, which isn't as bad as 100,000, which can't be compared with 1 million. (One life is all that one child has: take it and it is as if you took a million lives from him.) And methods become the register of repugnance: beating someone's head against a rock is different from hitting it with an aerial bomb; gas chambers are more horrible than nuclear firestorms.

* * *

What Hitler did to Jews was not a crime against Jews; it was a crime against humanity. Had Jews not confiscated this horrible crime for themselves, had the state of Israel not taken for its petty immediate interest something that belongs to all humanity, the Holocaust would remain a lesson for everyone, something that could not be forgotten or misremembered with time. The tragedy of an individual named Jesus, for example, has not been forgotten with time, because it was donated to all humanity without limits, conditions or discrimination.

When non-Jews are given to understand that what happened to Jews didn't happen to *them*, there is no possibility of catharsis. The avarice of Israel in being unable and unwilling to share its grief and sorrow with all of humanity has deprived humanity of the greatest occasion for catharsis since the Deluge. Israel gained a certain capital by appropriating the Holocaust for itself, but that capital has worn out very quickly, and the leaders of Israel are discovering, with genuine horror, that they are in debt.

This is why 1 million Jewish children killed in Auschwitz cannot answer the death of one Arab child killed in Beirut. This is also why, if the massacre in Beirut is used by any Arab group or leaders for their momentary need or interest, that too will wear out, and the dead children of Beirut will follow the dead children of Auschwitz into oblivion.

AMOS KENAN

Amos Kenan, an Israeli novelist and a columnist for Yediot Aharonot, *will be contributing regularly to* The Nation *for the duration of the crisis in the Middle East.*

On 'Anti-Semitism'

On January 13, 1898, Georges Clemenceau's Paris newspaper, *L'Aurore*, published an article over the name of Emile Zola. In it Zola denounced the military, political, judicial and clerical hierarchies of France. He excoriated the cynicism and the brutishness of those who had condemned Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, and he made it plain that their actions were infected with, and motivated by, anti-Jewish bigotry. The article compelled the retrial of Dreyfus and led to his eventual acquittal and reinstatement. It also changed France more than any polemic had done since Voltaire or Marx. In 1945, when Charles Maurras, the spiritual leader of French fascism, was convicted of collaborating with the Nazis, he denounced the verdict as "the revenge of Dreyfus."

Looked at in one way, the Dreyfus case was historic and encouraging because it was the first occasion on which a European country divided itself passionately on the question of justice for a Jew. Dreyfus was victimized, but also vindicated. The legions of the Catholic Church and the other anti-Semitic rabble were beaten. Theodor Herzl, who witnessed the Christian mobs calling for the death of Jews, drew the equal and opposite conclusion. He was sufficiently affected to conclude that Jews would never be safe in Europe, and from his reaction to the Dreyfus case we can date the birth of modern Zionism.

Zola's germinal article was entitled *"J'Accuse."* In an article in the September issue of *Commentary* (written before the Beirut massacres), Norman Podhoretz felt morally and personally secure enough to appropriate the title for his own purpose. He argued, or at any rate asserted, that the outraged response to the Israeli invasion of Lebanon could be compared to the anti-Dreyfus frenzy. In short, he accused the critics of Sharon and Begin of being anti-Semitic.

That is an old argument, and anybody who has ever written critically about Israel can testify to its force. Anti-Semites are usually but not invariably anti-Zionist. Some critics of Israel are anti-Semitic. Some Jews regard Zionism as a blasphemous assault on the teachings of their religion. Some Zionists were pro-Fascist (like Begin's mentor, Jabotinsky). Some Nazis were even sympathetic to Zionism. The author of the Balfour declaration, Arthur Balfour, disliked very much the prospect of Jewish immigration to Britain and spoke hotly of the "dual loyalty" problems it would create. The leading opponent of the Balfour declaration in the Cabinet, Edwin Montague, was also its only Jew. He described Zionism as "anti-Semitic in result."

Taken singly, these examples may be mere ironies. Taken together, they show that there is no necessary, no logical, identity between anti-Israeli (or anti-Begin) views and anti-Jewish ones. Anti-Semites are people who dislike Jews *because they are Jews*. Moreover, they dislike them for reasons not merely of complexion or physique or supposed inferiority but for reasons having to do with religion, history, secrecy, mysticism, blood, soil and gold. Given the "right" circumstances, such a prejudice can and does be-

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come murderous and unappeasable. To be accused of harboring it, therefore, is no joke.

Curiously, Podhoretz does not actually accuse anyone of harboring it. He plants a few innuendoes against individuals, but he isn't enough of a Zola to deal in plain words or to offer any evidence. Apparently, the new wave of anti-Semitism in America has no active anti-Semites in it. This certainly distinguishes it from its historical predecessors and must come as something of a relief to anybody who has studied or experienced previous periods of pogrom or intolerance. (In Poland in 1968, there was an anti-Jewish purge mounted under an anti-Zionist guise. Nobody was in any doubt as to the identity of those responsible, and their leader, Gen. Mieczyslaw Moczar, is notorious to this day.)

The nearest Podhoretz comes to a definition is this:

> For example, whereas the possibility of a future threat to its borders was (rightly in my opinion) deemed a sufficient justification by the United States under John F. Kennedy to go to the brink of war in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the immense caches of arms discovered in PLO dumps in Southern Lebanon have not persuaded many of the very people who participated in or applauded Kennedy's decision that the Israelis were at least equally justified in taking action against the PLO in Lebanon.
>
> Criticism of Israel based on a double standard deserves to be called anti-Semitic.

This argument has a long way to go before it is even half-baked. But it is revealing stuff all the same. Apparently, if you supported Kennedy over Cuba and you don't support Begin and Sharon over Lebanon, you are a Jew-baiter. Well. What if (like many Jews) you opposed Kennedy and support Sharon? What if (like any sane person) you opposed Kennedy's readiness to destroy the human race in his undeclared war on Castro and now oppose Sharon?

Podhoretz does admit what has become obvious: that "loose or promiscuous use of the term anti-Semitism can only rob it of force and meaning." As if sensing the swamp of gibberish that is opening at his feet, he adds generously: "Conversely, criticisms of Israel based on universally applied principles and tempered by a sense of balance in the distribution of blame cannot and should not be stigmatized as anti-Semitic, however mistaken or dangerous to Israel one might consider them to be."

Responses to the mass killings at the Shatila and Sabra camps are, it might be thought, as nearly in conformity with those criteria as it is possible to be. The Israeli Army occupied West Beirut, in defiance of an earlier agreement, on the pretext of securing law and order. It admits that it permitted the Phalangist troops to enter the camps. It cannot claim, having armed and trained the Phalange for years, not to know of its views on Palestinians.

Then came the flares, the bulldozers and the rest. Here, surely, is a case that *by any standards* would expose the army responsible to criticism. Armed with Podhoretz's own criteria, I wondered what he would say about it.

On September 24 he surfaced in *The Washington Post* to assert that those making a fuss about Shatila were anti-Semitic.

This must mark a new low. Apart from abandoning his own rather lax standard of what is permissible in the criticism of Israel, Podhoretz is defaming, as bigots or self-haters, many of the most eminent Jews in Israel and the United States. We don't yet have a term for this prejudice.

There are two remaining ironies in Podhoretz's article. In seeking to excuse and minimize the massacre, he resurrects the old argument about the Palestinians being the authors of their own destruction. By having armed men in their midst, so runs this view, they invite death from the skies or murder by night. (There don't seem to have been any guerrillas to defend Shatila or Sabra, but that is beside the point.) I hope, very sincerely, that Podhoretz's logic (which is also official Israeli logic) is never used against the Jewish settlers in the West Bank. These people, who are opposed by the Arab inhabitants not because they are Jews but because they are settlers, have made their homes and enclaves into armed camps with the help of the ever-considerate Sharon. Should the world shrug if some day civilians are massacred there?

Podhoretz wrote very warmly in his *Commentary* article of Menachem Milson, then head of the occupation authority in the West Bank. He spoke of Milson's distinction between the P.L.O. and the Palestinians. He said, sardonically, that "the PLO and its apologists have naturally done everything in their power to sabotage and discredit Milson." But it took more than that to get him out of office. It took Sharon. Milson, a hard-liner and a writer for *Commentary*, resigned his post over the Shatila/Sabra affair. Podhoretz, writing after that extraordinary piece of news, talks as if Milson, too, were a victim of anti-Semitic paranoia. No theoretical *reductio ad absurdum* could be more crushing. Even William Buckley, leader and teacher of the American Phalange, was forced to tell Podhoretz in two public epistles that his cry of anti-Semitism was not intellectually reputable.

On one point, though, Podhoretz is right. It is indecent and illiterate to compare Israel to Nazi Germany. But not all those who do this can possibly be ill intentioned. Rabbi Arnold Wolf, former Jewish chaplain at Yale, said of Shatila, "It's Babi Yar all over again and this time we're not innocent." The rabbi was obviously reaching for a standard of cruelty and horror that matched the crime. But he's still wrong: Babi Yar was part of a process of literal genocide. "Genocide," along with "Final Solution" and "Holocaust," is a term not to be lightly used for propaganda. By the same token, it is wrong for the Israeli government to speak of the Palestinians as neo-Nazis, and for Israeli apologists to invoke the Holocaust against every criticism. If the moral chaos exists, it is partly because of Israeli special pleading. Podhoretz should also object to that, but he doesn't.

No honest person would be the loser if the morally blackmailing argument of "anti-Semitism" were dropped from the discourse. Any fool can tell a real anti-Semite a mile off. Any fool can see that the Phalangists are in the same tradition as the persecutors of Dreyfus. Any fool can see that Begin uses the memory of the Holocaust to muffle his own guilt. But it takes a real fool to confuse the editor of *Commentary* with Emile Zola. Who the hell does Podhoretz think he is?

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

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CALVIN TRILLIN

My Aunt Rosie called from Kansas City to ask my advice on how she might go about offering her house as a site for the Nixon Presidential Library. "Who's the big enchilada over there?" she said. "I don't want to talk to any clerks."

I have to admit that the request caught me off guard. Like most Midwesterners who have moved to New York City, I get phone calls now and then from relatives back home who have need of some Big Apple guidance, but the usual question is more on the order of how to get tickets to *Annie*. Also, I was obviously surprised to hear someone propose a two-bedroom bungalow in Kansas City as the site of a Presidential library—particularly someone who had previously expressed the opinion that an appropriate site for the Nixon library would be the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth. Also, I don't happen to know the big enchilada over there. I don't know how to get tickets to *Annie* either.

As it happens, my Aunt Rosie is getting on in years, and I tried to take that into account as I probed gently to find out what she had on her mind. "Aunt Rosie," I said, "I think you may have finally passed over the line from an eccentric old coot to a certified crazy."

"Don't put on any of your big city airs with me," Aunt Rosie said. "I knew you when you thought *beurre blanc* was the French ambassador."

I really didn't see what a perfectly understandable youthful misapprehension concerning a difficult subject like French diplomacy had to do with what we were discussing, but I didn't press the point with Aunt Rosie. I certainly didn't want to upset her, partly because the youthful misapprehension concerning the French ambassador happens not to be the only youthful misapprehension she knows about.

Then it occurred to me that I might have unwittingly provoked Aunt Rosie's call myself by mentioning to her a few weeks before how sorry I was that I didn't have Nixon to kick around anymore. I'm not afraid to admit it. I'd love to have Nixon to kick around. Listen, I'd settle for Alexander Haig. Aunt Rosie understands that. She's a shrewd old biddy. She knows I miss those Alexander the Grape tantrums. She knows I miss those Alexander Maximus poses. She knows I wince every time I read about what a sane, unthreatened, nonegotistical, low-key team player good old George Shultz is. She knows my basic view of foreign policy: If it all amounts to backing the wrong people in every part of the world anyway, it might as well be done in an entertaining way. Suddenly I was touched by Aunt Rosie's gesture. "Are you doing this for me?" I asked her. "Are you prepared to sacrifice your own home just so Nixon will be back in public view and I'll have a chance to get in a kick or two?"

"Don't flatter yourself, big shot," Aunt Rosie said. "Why should I make any sacrifices for someone who couldn't even come up with *Annie* tickets for the aunt who more than once changed his diapers in his hour of need?"

Then why? Could Aunt Rosie finally have developed some sympathy for Richard M. Nixon after Duke University turned down the library? It's true that there was something sad about how the towns that expressed interest in having it got more and more obscure—first places like Independence, Missouri, and then places like Baker, Oregon. Did she really think that the only way to stop that embarrassing downward spiral was to offer what had been my Cousin Norman's bedroom? That didn't sound like Aunt Rosie. She's a tough old bird. Nixon's constant presentation of himself as a victim, in fact, was what she found most repellent about him. "The man has raised the whine to an art form," she always said. She routinely referred to him as "King of the Kvetches." Although I don't mean to bring up the matter in a self-serving way, it might be relevant to point out that Aunt Rosie didn't exhibit much sympathy when it came to considering the difficulties that might be entailed in getting into a musical that at the time happened to be the hottest ticket on Broadway.

"Just give me the enchilada's name and number," Aunt Rosie said. "I'll take it from there."

"If you're thinking mainly of some way to put Cousin Norman's room to good use, don't you think a boarder would be a better idea?" I said. I tried to explain to Aunt Rosie that the historical artifacts alone in such a library would strain the space available in Norman's room, even on the unlikely chance that she finally got Norman's permission to dispose of his old butterfly collection. I tried to explain to Aunt Rosie that a Presidential library would generate the sort of traffic that would simply not be acceptable to someone who has always been particularly concerned about the danger that mud might be tracked in onto her living room carpet. "There's no way to get to Norman's room without going through the living room," I said—making what I figured was my most telling point.

"Don't tell me you actually think there's any possibility of having a Presidential library in Norman's bedroom," Aunt Rosie said. "Do you think, maybe, that just because Nixon was a twerp of a President he'll have a twerp-sized Presidential library?"

"There's been some misunderstanding here," I said. "Didn't you just ask how to offer your house as a site for the Nixon Presidential Library?"

"Of course I'm offering," Aunt Rosie said. "Do you think Baker, Oregon, is offering because it really expects to be chosen? They just want the publicity to put Baker on the map."

"You mean you want to be on the map?"

"I was thinking more of an appearance on *Real People* or maybe a guest-shot on *Hollywood Squares*," Aunt Rosie said. "Then to the talk show circuit. I'll be famous. I'll have my own press agent. He'll get me theater tickets."

"But I don't know the big enchilada over there," I finally admitted.

"I didn't think you would," Aunt Rosie said. "I always told your mother you'd never amount to anything."

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ARTICLES.

TO PROTECT OR NOT TO PROTECT?

The Dilemmas of Being a Reporter

A. J. LANGGUTH

Every semester at the school of journalism where I teach, an agitated young man or woman will linger after class to ask a personal question. Usually I can anticipate the cause of their distress. Either Mike Wallace has been particularly abrasive on the previous Sunday evening, or the student has just come across Joan Didion's mordant observation that "writers are always selling somebody out."

Whatever the provocation, the question is generally a variation of this one: "Can I remain a decent person and still survive in journalism?"

The worries generated by Wallace are easily allayed. His technique, despite the drama it imparts to television, seldom works well for the print reporter. A Seymour Hersh or a Robert Scheer may bring a fierce, determined edge to an interview, but for each of them there is a Bernard Weinraub at *The New York Times*, or a Bella Stumbo at the *Los Angeles Times*, men and women whose soft and courteous approach elicits marvels of revelation.

As for selling someone out, surely that is often a matter of perspective. How many of us are satisfied with a photograph of ourselves? Yet we realize it is seldom persuasive to blame the camera. We are likely to be equally disgruntled by a portrayal in words and complain that our picture has turned out raw and distorted.

But even the most conscientious writers must sometimes make decisions that could have grave consequences for their sources. In some instances, "betrayal" is not too strong a word for the choice they confront. The students are right to be apprehensive, and enough troubling situations have arisen over the past months to make me reluctant to offer them any doctrinaire reassurances.

Beyond the classroom, the larger society also has a right to question those decisions that an individual writer might make. If it is necessary for a reporter to strike a bargain with a source in order to extract important information that would otherwise be kept secret, should that agreement take precedence over any greater interest of society? And do reporters who withhold information that might harm their sources sometimes act as self-censors, depriving their readers of essential knowledge and ultimately destroying confidence in the integrity of all reporters?

The kind of dilemmas reporters face is neatly illustrated by the experience of Gloria Emerson during a fact-finding trip to El Salvador earlier this year on behalf of a new organization called the Committee To Protect Journalists. Emerson wanted to visit two left-wing reporters in prison. She could not obtain official permission to go as a journalist, so she told the warden she was merely a visitor who wanted to offer material and psychological support. She managed to bluff him into letting her—along with another freelance writer from the United States—see the prisoners. She promised the warden she would, in his words, "be cool" about his infraction. Afterward, she felt that publishing a story about the meeting would only cause trouble for the imprisoned journalists and their complaisant jailer, and she decided not to write about the incident.

When I asked her about that decision, she wrote to me of an experience she had a decade ago during her tour in Southeast Asia for *The New York Times*:

"Once in Vietnam I interviewed two children being held in Danang who had been tortured. We were in the company of the Vietnamese police officials who ran the place where 17 children were being held. The boy was 12, in confinement by then for four months and his responses during interrogation had not been 'satisfactory.' Four or five times he leaned against the interpreter and said: 'I am so frightened.'

"The boy quivered and began to weep after a few questions. He was kept in a small cell by himself. The girl was 11 and as she came in the room, she did not look at the little boy. Both children had collaborated with the Viet Cong and had been tortured. The little girl had been loved and taught by a man she called Uncle. This was the child struggling not to betray the adults who had deeply cared for her and her defiance was a terrible thing to see, to witness.

"The one threat that made her break—it had been used often—was the threat to cut her long hair. She could not bear that. The police official, worried about my reaction, told me not to write an anti-war story—to write about how the Viet Cong exploit children.

"I wrote a story, and some readers responded. One man wrote that the story, however worthwhile, would put the children in even greater danger. There was a good chance punishment would be increased."

That reader's argument convinced Emerson, so when she confronted a roughly similar circumstance in El Salvador, she did not write about it. But one does not always deal with the innocent or the admirable, as David Lopez discovered.

Los Angeles had been terrorized for months by a mass murderer whom reporters had taken to calling the "Freeway Killer." At last the police arrested William Bonin, and he was charged with the grisly crimes. Lopez, an enterprising reporter for the local CBS outlet, obtained an interview with the suspect, in which Bonin confessed that he had indeed killed twenty-one men and boys.

Lopez later explained to Joe Saltzman, a journalism professor at the University of Southern California who questioned him about the incident, that when Bonin started to confess, Lopez agreed to an off-the-record interview on one

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condition: that Bonin not give the same information to any other reporter.

As Lopez recalled it, the agreement was negotiated this way: " 'O.K., you just confessed. When can I run it?' And he said, 'Oh, no!' And I said, 'Tell me a little more.' And he said, 'Wait a minute.' And I said, 'O.K., off the record. . . but this is mine. This is my story, Bill, and I don't want anybody else coming in on it.' And he said, 'Yeah, that's no problem.' "

Subsequently, after hearing that Bonin had talked to another reporter, Lopez became concerned that he might be scooped. He broadcast a report of Bonin's confession but without the details.

When Bonin came to trial, Lopez was called by the prosecution. He refused to testify about anything not included in his broadcasts. Claiming protection under the reporters' shield provision of the California Constitution, Lopez was upheld by a Los Angeles Superior Court judge.

But then Lopez had a change of heart. He went back into court and testified freely about what Bonin had told him off the record. "I feel as though a 100-pound weight has been taken off my head," he said on leaving the courtroom. "I'm a citizen first."

David Lopez's decision to talk—and Gloria Emerson's decision not to—intrigued me because I had faced a variation of their dilemmas not long before, and it is for that reason that I am not comfortable laying down inflexible rules for my students. In 1978, I had a book published about torture in Latin America, particularly in Brazil. The torture victims I interviewed had been expelled from their countries, and I spoke with them in Switzerland, France, Sweden and England. The following year in Brazil, an *abertura*, a political opening, allowed most of the exiles to return home. When I went to Rio de Janeiro last summer, I arranged to contact several of them.

There was no doubt that their telephones were tapped or that they were kept under surveillance. They had difficulty getting jobs. Once hired, they were often dismissed after a call to their employers from a security agent. Two of the most publicized victims found reasons not to see me. But the others ventured out to hotel lobbies and small cafes to tell their stories of being back in a land they had despaired of ever seeing again. They talked freely. They had no objections to being quoted by name.

Back in the United States, I began a magazine piece about men and women who had been vilely tortured and deported and now were home, reconstructing their lives on the lip of a political volcano that threatened to erupt any time.

Midway through the writing, I had the same feeling Emerson reports. I could not make life better for these men and women; given the instability around them, I might make it worse. I debated with myself for a week or two and then dropped the piece. But now I wonder.

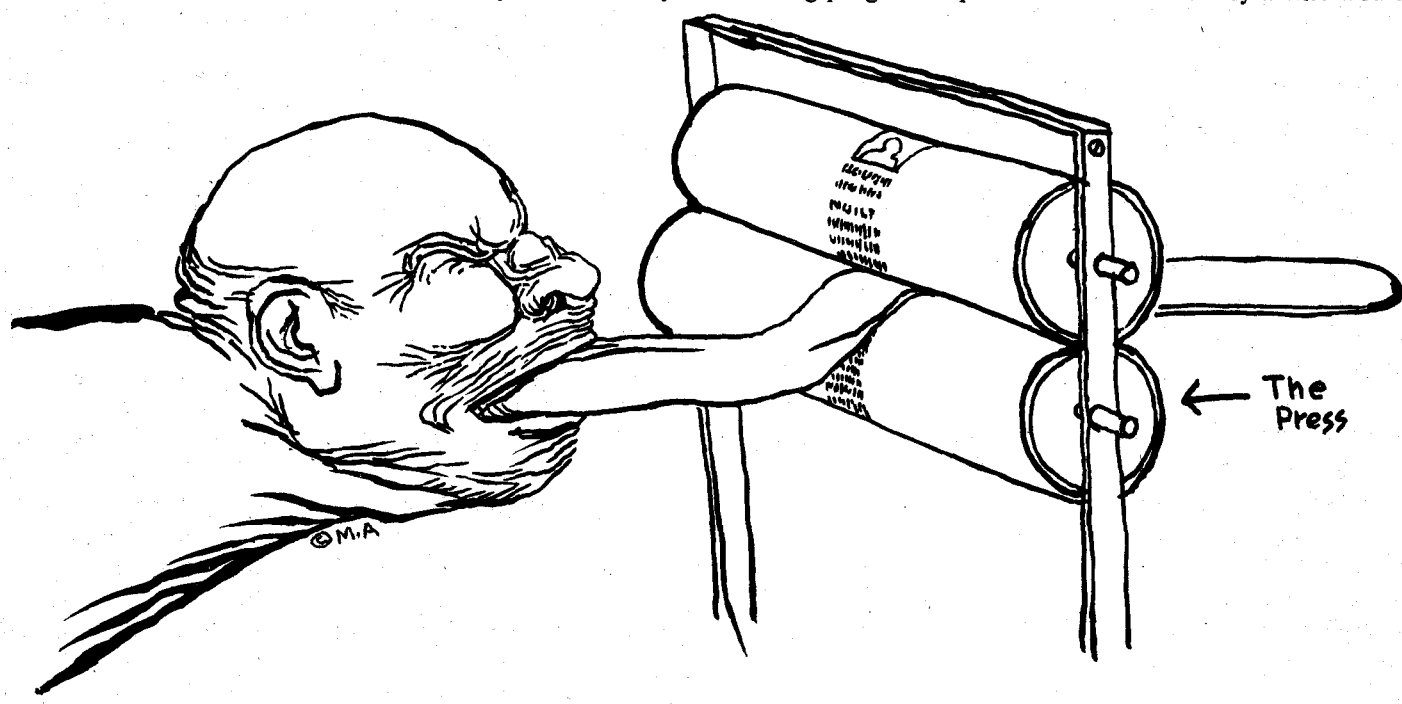
I have no quarrel with Emerson's decision. She did not go to the prison as a journalist. The story of the prisoners' ordeal was already available to the press. And she had made a promise to the warden.

She kept her word. The warden was a jailer, a representative of a regime she detested. But she kept her word.

Lopez did not keep his. The flippant response of his colleagues was that perhaps one should not make promises to a mass murderer. My own conclusion is that once the promise is made, it must be kept.

Pompous as it may sound to the unreconstructed Walter Burnses on the nation's city desks, journalists have privileges and responsibilities like those of priests and psychiatrists. They exercise their highest citizenship by remaining true to the highest principles of their trade.

In my own case, I think now that I was too protective of the people I interviewed in Brazil because their tales of the hideous tortures they had endured were still fresh in my mind. The continuance of the *abertura* looked doubtful to me, but I should not have rated my political sophistication as more evolved than theirs. Months later, Brazil is still making progress in pursuit of a freer life. My article would



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not have hurt the former prisoners and might even, in a small way, have helped them.

There is a significant difference between the decisions in these three examples. Emerson and I, although we had been newspaper reporters, did not set out on our trips in that role. To me, that means our range of discretion was somewhat wider than it was when we worked for newspapers. Lopez, as a daily journalist, should have felt bound by a code that limited his options. Whether we acted correctly or not, Emerson and I had a right to remain silent. Lopez had a duty to do so.

Very probably it comes down to a question of temperament. In my experience, an inner check usually prevents a reporter from getting too close to a story, from being committed to one side or the other. And if the reporter lacks that instinct, an editor will quickly supply it. Such restraints can prove frustrating to those whose nature is more that of the activist than the observer.

As Emerson concluded in her reflections, "If, so many years ago, I could have killed the police officials in that room in Danang and run off with the children, I would have done that too. It is not possible to work for *The New York Times* and have those feelings so I don't."

But because Gloria Emerson chose to put her own sympathies first does not at all denigrate the role of the neutral and dispassionate journalist. The country needs, as it has always needed, men and women content to lay out both sides of a question. They are the reporters trying their best to be fair, even to jailers, torturers, mass murderers.

Over the past twenty years, the United States has sometimes found itself trapped in a jungle, and not just metaphorically. To get free of a jungle, one may be equally grateful for an ax and a compass. The impartial reporter provides the compass, offering us the full circle of choice but leaving the path to us. A writer of that sort sells nobody out and sells nobody short. □

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BEYOND 'BIRDS AND FLOWERS'

Environmentalists Are Reaching Out

TOM CHAFFIN

"With some groups we can still get by with just talking about birds and flowers. It's another thing to come in and talk about how we can actually save something and, at the same time, meet electrical demands and continue to grow food to feed everyone."

One morning last spring, Dave Nesmith of Friends of the Earth was talking about environmentalism. Specifically, he was talking about his job as an organizer against the Peripheral Canal, a $650 million concrete channel that would allow California to ship water from its wet north to its dry south.

Nesmith does not talk birds and flowers. He talks dollars and cents. The Peripheral Canal idea is not only environmentally unsound, he says, it is also bad business for the taxpayers of California. "The real problem is not north and south. The real problem is whether we want to continue water subsidies for the alfalfa and cotton fields of Chevron Oil, the pistachio farmers of Tenneco, the olive orchards of tax-loss farmers. It just doesn't make sense for the taxpayers in this state to subsidize heavily water-dependent crops like cotton—a surplus crop that the Feds have to maintain price supports for already."

California voters rejected the Peripheral Canal by a two-to-one margin last June. In the environmental movement, however, no victory is final. As Whitman said, each struggle calls forth a greater struggle: state agribusiness interests wasted no time proposing another, more grandiose, canal project. Still, for environmentalists, it was a moment to savor. Perhaps more significant than the electoral outcome was the means by which they won their victory. The coalitions and arguments marshaled in California this year suggest a new outlook: environmentalism, a child of the 1960s, has come of age. No longer the brash, uncompromising zealot of its youth, the movement has come to understand the need for allies among the many other forces in American political life and the advantages of breaking down

Tom Chaffin, who lives in San Francisco, writes on North American politics and culture.

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the stereotypes that have often kept it isolated. Perhaps more important, the movement is working to fashion a link with the constituency that might seem to be its natural ally but until recently has been among its most ardent opponents: organized labor.

The alliance is not an easy one to make. Tension between environmentalists and organized labor "flows back and forth," says Tom Graff, general counsel for the Environmental Defense Fund. But "there's a lot less antipathy now than there used to be. In the Seventies, there was still a legacy of the Sixties polarization between laborers and longhairs."

One of the organizations working most actively to promote fellowship between the two camps is Environmentalists for Full Employment (E.F.F.E.), a small research and organizing group in Washington, D.C. Richard Grossman, its coordinator, says that one of its top priorities is fighting what he calls "job blackmail"—the imposition of unsound, wasteful and dangerous environmental policies on workers through the threat of layoffs or plant closings. Grossman calls job blackmail a poor substitute for rational and democratic economic planning. "We'd like to make environmental job blackmail a household word—to show it as a political tactic and to show cases where community forces and labor together have beaten it."

This September, E.F.F.E. published *Fear at Work: Job Blackmail, Labor and the Environment*, an attempt to expose job blackmail with facts and figures. In researching the book, E.F.F.E. staffers began by looking at industry's case against environmentalism. "We went to all the industries and trade associations and said, 'Show us your best data,' " Grossman recalls. Much of what they were shown, he says, was undocumented or anecdotal. "No industry we could find had ever done a study after the fact" to measure the impact of environmental safeguards. "What they'd do is get someone and say, 'Do a study that would show what would happen if so-and-so came into effect.' Then the study would come back and it would say 8 trillion jobs would be lost."

Ultimately, any real alliance between labor and environmentalists must turn on a shared concern for jobs. According to Grossman, E.F.F.E. studies have shown that environmental protection need not mean fewer jobs. Capital-intensive industries like oil refining, heavy manufacturing and nuclear power cause unemployment. Labor-intensive industries—renewable energy production, recycling, pollution control—are decentralized and mean an increase in jobs.

For many environmentalists, a "national reindustrialization" program still holds the most promise for an alliance with organized labor. Grossman, however, believes that an environmentalist-labor coalition need not wait for such a program. Nor for any millennial victory of organized labor. He says the coalition already exists. The question is how to make it more powerful. If that is to happen, it is critical that environmentalists remember that their constituency is not made up just of backpackers and naturalists. Grossman notes that the agenda for the nuclear disarmament conference organized by environmentalist David Brower this month in New York City does not sufficiently address the issue of jobs.

"Given the unemployment we have now, and the increased vulnerability people have to it when unemployment is high, it's very important that environmentalists address this issue," Grossman says. "When you spend $30 billion for anything, it creates jobs, but military spending is one of the most inefficient ways of creating jobs. You create many more jobs per dollar if you invest money to meet social needs—things we really need instead of guns and bombs."

Despite the efforts of groups like Grossman's, organized labor has not been all that forthcoming on environmental issues. Indeed, environmentalists in California regarded it as a victory earlier this year when the state's A.F.L.-C.I.O. took a neutral position on the Peripheral Canal proposal, rather than supporting it as they had almost every public works project in the past. And there is still a good deal of wariness among many labor leaders.

"We're for nature, but we want it bent to the service of working people," says John Henning, executive secretary-treasurer of the California A.F.L.-C.I.O. On most issues, he says, labor and environmentalists remain rivers apart. There is more communication today than there was five years ago and there is routine cooperation on workplace-related issues involving health and safety. But, says Henning, "that's about it." Labor still supports solar energy, "but there's no critical push for it."

Murray Seeger, an aide to A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief Lane Kirkland, says that with unemployment climbing toward 10 percent nationwide, crisis management is the order of the day. The main issue, he says, is jobs: "When you're dealing with a union that has several hundred thousand members out of work, who are not paying any dues because they're out of work, you don't have the luxury of dealing with other issues."

There's also the matter of the giant federation's ideological breadth. A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders say they must find positions that can be supported by the organization's ninety-nine diverse member unions. "We touch an awful lot of issues," Seeger says, "but there's some we have to walk away from." The federation supports SALT II but has not endorsed a nuclear freeze. Seeger notes that at the past three A.F.L.-C.I.O. council meetings devoted to formulating policy statements, not one statement was drawn up dealing with an environmental issue. "You won't see us taking a position on prayer in school or abortion or gun control, either. We concentrate on those issues that are more specific to our whole membership's interest and what we think are overriding national interests. Unfortunately, the environment doesn't quite make it."

Most observers agree that high unemployment has blunted labor's active support of environmental issues. Even three years ago, the odds of a labor-environmentalist coalition looked, if not more promising, at least more possible. For many, the high-water mark of those days was a demon-

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stration in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, two years after the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant, protesting the reopening of the plant and calling for more jobs. The demonstration was sponsored by a local coalition of trade unions and by ten international unions, including the Machinists, the United Mine Workers and the United Automobile Workers—an impressive contingent, considering the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s traditional support for the nuclear industry.

One of the few labor voices regularly raised in support of environmentalism is that of William Winpisinger, president of the International Association of Machinists. Winpisinger rejects the notion that environmental safeguards are a bad deal for workers. "If all of your energy is spent trying to generate jobs, and while you're doing it the environment goes to hell, you're no better off than you were in the first place. Most of our members know that you're just as dead from breathing polluted air as you are from starving to death because you don't have a job." Winpisinger takes pride in his union's progressive image and boasts that it opposed nuclear power even before the Three Mile Island accident. The union also supports the nuclear freeze movement.

For all his resolve, Winpisinger does not see a strong labor-environmentalist coalition in the immediate future. In fact, he notes that in recent months few environmental groups have requested his support. For now, he says, environmentalists can work with organized labor only on particular issues. The road to a broader alliance will be difficult and long.

Winpisinger rejects the equation of environmental protection with a loss of jobs. Still, when pressed, he does acknowledge that the cost of adopting benign technologies might be a temporary reduction in jobs. I asked him how he would respond to angry machinists who are out of work because a nuclear power project had been terminated. "Those are the same people who would gladly kill their mothers today in order to have a job ten years from now. It might be a net job loss temporarily, but the quicker they get off that kick, the more quickly we'll be developing alternative providers of energy—coal or solar or something else—that would create more jobs."

Winpisinger believes that organized labor must reexamine its traditional enthusiasm for public works projects. "There are a hell of a lot of projects that do not generate jobs today that formerly did—because of new technology or because they're capital intensive or because of any number of things." Each project must be evaluated individually. "You have to decide who benefits from it. That brings us down on the side of most public works projects—but not all of them."

Winpisinger says his union exercises the same selectivity in its choice of allies. "Those environmental groups that blindly run down the furrows of yesteryear, we don't have much to do with—the Sierra Club, for example. Occasionally we'll be on the same side with them on something, but it's rare—because they seem to pursue the philosophy that we've got to turn the hands of time back to some prior century."

John Hooper, a lobbyist and public-lands specialist for

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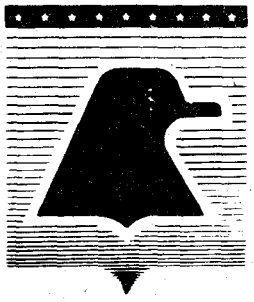

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the Sierra Club, believes such characterizations reflect long-standing stereotypes and misconceptions about the environmental movement. He claims many different groups and constituencies have discovered just how wrong those stereotypes are when they have worked with his organization.

According to Hooper, in recent years the Sierra Club has made a serious effort to reach out to groups other than its natural sympathizers. Last year, the organization joined with Indians in northern California to oppose the clear-cutting of timber on Federal lands adjacent to their reservations that were considered holy by the Indians. The cutting would also have affected the Indians' fisheries. This year, the Sierra Club joined Sacramento Delta farmers to oppose the plan to construct the Peripheral Canal. Both the Sierra Club and the farmers feared the canal would damage the ecology of the delta.

Even more surprising was the group's alliance with Nevada and Utah ranchers who opposed Jimmy Carter's plan to build MX missile tracks on the public lands of those two states. "All of a sudden," says Hooper, "we found that our traditional animosities, which stemmed from wilderness issues between ranchers and environmentalists, broke down. We all had the common goal of keeping the missiles off public lands. Once that initial link had been created, we found that we're against off-road vehicles on sensitive lands and they're against them on grazing lands because it runs the cattle around. We found that once the images of the groups were put aside, the degree of common interest was very great."

In another case this year, there was even stronger irony in a common interest—but there was power, too. Environmentalists joined the Salyer Land Company and the J.G. Boswell Company, two of California's largest agribusinesses, to oppose the Peripheral Canal proposition. The two Central Valley growers were against the canal because they thought the proposal contained *too many* environmental safeguards. But the uneasy alliance worked: Salyer and Boswell put up more than half of the $1.7 million that was spent in the fight to defeat the proposition. Environmentalists accepted the assistance with the full knowledge that after the vote, their allies would immediately begin lobbying for an even bigger water project.

California environmentalists insist the bizarre affiliation with agribusiness was necessary. They say it indicates a new confidence and strength within the movement—a strength that allowed it to emerge with its virtue intact from a potentially compromising alliance.

Yes, environmentalists are past the birds and flowers stage—long past it. They are raising arguments and forging programs that can both create jobs and alter the corporate configurations threatening the planet's survival. The theoretical model of an environmentally sound future is there; so are the first tentative threads of an alliance with other groups. What's lacking is a true politics of scale, one capable of imposing the environmentalists' vision on the marketplace. That will have to wait. In the meantime, in its efforts to win friends and influence national policy, information can often be the environmental movement's most powerful tool.

As they seek alliances with organized labor, environmentalists must keep the integrity of their ecological vision intact. Like the citizenry of Thornton Wilder's Grover's Corners, organized labor must be slowly weaned from a dream—that yesterday's technologies can insure jobs tomorrow. It is probably worth remembering that the American labor movement grew out of a solid tradition of progressivism, a tradition that once produced folk songs celebrating the construction of large concrete dams. In those days, hydroelectric plants meant new jobs and the survival of many communities.

Today, in an America increasingly run by sophisticated, electrically powered technologies, large dams and more electricity do not mean more jobs, but fewer. Environmentalists should not hesitate to point that out to their friends in organized labor. □

CENSORSHIP IN THE WEST BANK

How Democracy Can be Distorted

MATTI MEGGED

In the Sholom Aleichem story "The Pot," a woman borrows a pot from her neighbors. When asked to return it, she answers: "First, I have never borrowed a pot from you; second, the pot I borrowed was broken; third, I returned it to you long ago." The story of the books banned by Israel in the occupied territories could be read as Sholom Aleichem's story—a comedy verging on the absurd—were it not so tragic.

The Israeli administration in these territories—established by the military and recently put in the hands of a civil regime—has for several years banned hundreds of books in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The law under which the administration has taken this and other censorship measures derives from the British Martial Law of 1945—ironically, a law that was intended mainly to undermine the Irgun, headed by Menachem Begin.

The administration's first index of banned books, issued on December 26, 1976, included 1,123 titles, among which were Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, Alan Moorehead's *The Blue Nile* and *The White Nile*, and *The Founding and Development of the Israeli Army* by Yigal Allon (the foreign minister in the last Labor Cabinet and former commander of the Palmach), as well as almost every book of poetry by a Palestinian poet. Nearly every three months since the first index was drawn up, the administration has issued a new list of books for inclusion, in addition to revisions of previous

Matti Megged is an Israeli who is a visiting professor of comparative literature at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

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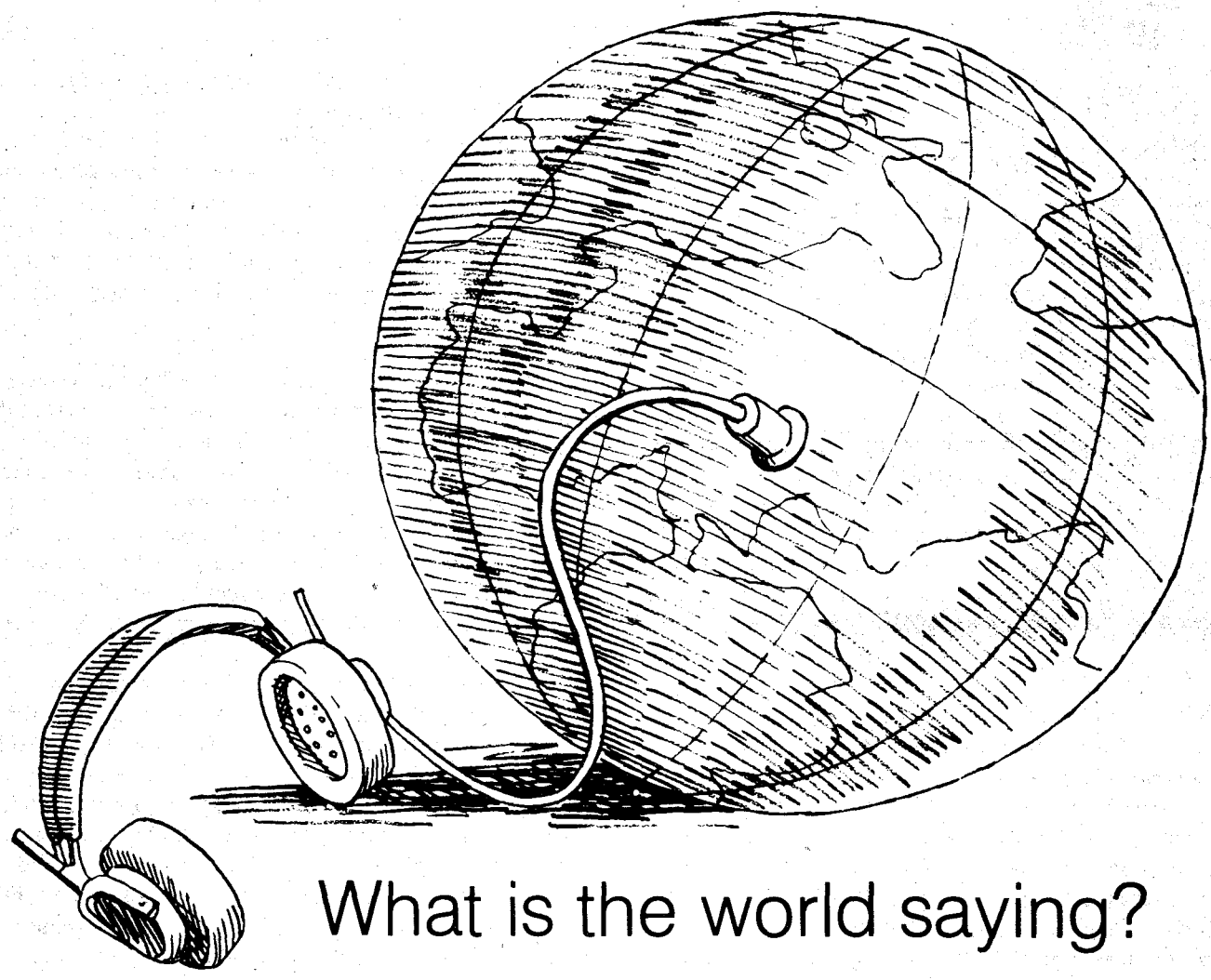

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lists. Some books on the original list (such as those by Naguib Mahfouz and Tuoffik al-Hakim, two great Egyptian novelists and advocates of Arab-Israeli peace) were removed from later lists following the signing of the Camp David treaty, but most have remained.

The list and the mere fact of its existence were guarded as military secrets for several years, and the list has never been published. Nonetheless, people in the occupied territories could be arrested and punished for selling or owning or teaching from these books even though they could not have known they were forbidden.

Recently the issue of banned books was raised in two prominent articles in Israel. The first, by poet Ori Bernstein, appeared in *Siman Keriah*, a literary quarterly, and the second, by the writer and journalist Amos Elon, was in the daily *Ha'aretz* (and later quoted by Anthony Lewis in *The New York Times*). Since the "secret" had been revealed, the administration was forced to react: it behaved much as the woman in Sholom Aleichem's story.

First, the Israeli authorities denied the existence of an index. When pressed, they admitted that such an index did exist, but argued that books like Moorehead's and Allon's were included only as the result of "a bureaucratic error." Yet this "error" was never corrected, and the list itself was not published nor were the books named. Until this April, the Israeli Army refused requests by civil rights activists and journalists to see the list. Only recently have some journalists succeeded in getting hold of it (and, through them, this writer), but the entire catalogue is still being kept secret from Israelis and the residents of the occupied territories.

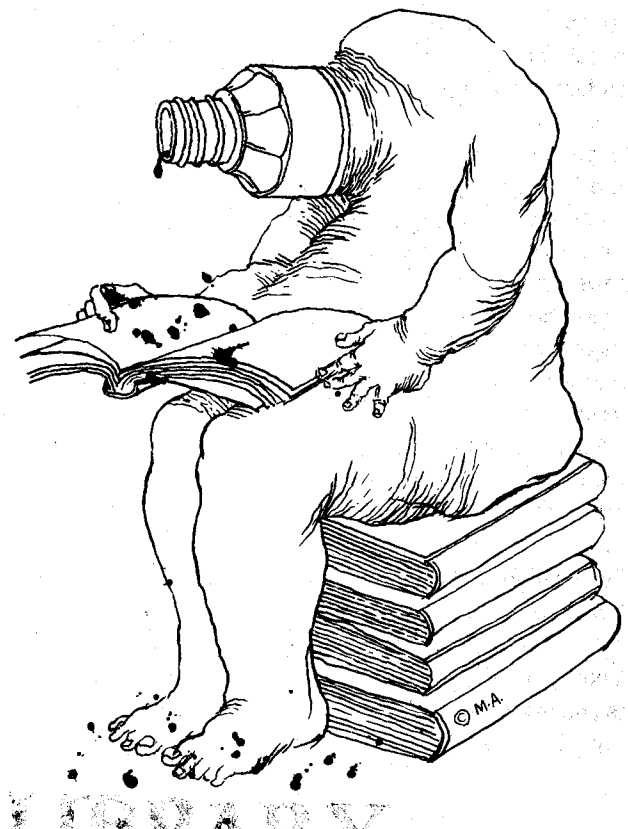
When pressed further, the administration resorted to evasive answers to defend a policy that has never been publicly acknowledged. A spokesman, for instance, rejected as "a pack of lies, a total lie," the allegation that the list of banned titles included Moorehead's books. When asked why Allon's book was banned, he said it was because of the translator's introduction. But he did not answer the same question about other books since, according to him, the index, as such, does not exist. The administration now argues that it has banned only books that inflame hatred and incite terror and books published by the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Whoever reads the list, however, will discover that this argument is a lie: among the works still included are many that deal with the history, geography and archeology of the Middle East, books of poetry and literary criticism (including studies of Afghan literature and the theory of tragedy) and books on other subjects that have nothing to do with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. The reason for banning these books may be, I suspect, the mere fact that they were published in Beirut, Damascus, Kuwait, Amman or Cairo and are thus "naturally" assumed to be anti-Israeli. Other works, such as poetry written by Palestinians and Philip Gilon's *I Am a Zionist—In Favor of a Palestinian State*, were banned because apparently they advocate Palestinian rights or protest the Israeli occupation. Still other books were included simply because the censors must not have liked them—and censors are not necessarily the wisest judges in such matters.

One cannot deny, of course, that many of the books on the list are "characterized by racial or national hatred," such as *Mein Kampf* and books of anti-Israeli propaganda. But that issue, I believe, is secondary. The main questions are: Who is entitled to decide what other people may or may not read? And who is entitled to keep other people in a cultural prison?

The PEN Center in Israel, in a rather belated resolution, recently protested the banning of books and suggested that "responsibility for carrying out the above-mentioned regulations . . . be transferred . . . to a committee composed of intellectuals, including representatives of the Writers Associations in Israel." A strange suggestion, to say the least. Why would writers and intellectuals be more competent and suitable to carry out the regulations of censorship? And why should writers *volunteer* for such a drastic responsibility?

The PEN Center did not have a word to say against the law itself. It protested only the regulations "forbidding publication and distribution of books—with the exception of those that can be proved [by whom? to whom?] to contain matter inflaming racial or national hatred or inciting racial or national violence." I do not doubt the positive intent of this resolution, but those who wrote it did not recognize, perhaps, that it indirectly condones the censorship of books and the right of the Israelis to decide what books are "proved" to be legitimate. There is, I'm sure, no danger that the authorities will accept the center's suggestion. But the mere fact that writers succumbed to the regulations that impose Israeli will on the Palestinians is a



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sad manifestation of some basic distortion of the meaning of democracy and freedom.

Israel claims to be the only democracy in the Middle East, and until recently that was probably true (not that a comparison with other countries in the Middle East is very flattering to Israel in this context). But facing the issue of banned books, one begins to wonder about the meaning of this term "democracy" and how it could be thus distorted.

For several years, most Israelis did not know about the index of banned books. Those who knew did not want to admit they knew, much less talk or write about it. All along there were sufficient hints and rumors to indicate that all was not proper in the behavior of the Israeli authorities in the occupied territories. But a kind of complacency permitted the stories to be suppressed or ignored. A democracy is endangered when its citizens allow themselves the luxury of ignorance.

Now they know, thanks to several courageous Israeli writers and intellectuals. Now every Israeli should know that trying to control the minds of the Palestinians and silence their voices is not only antidemocratic and immoral but also ineffectual and senseless. As we know from history and experience, no censorship, no banning of books, ever achieves its goal. Moreover, the harm done by this means of control is done not only to the Arabs in the occupied territories but to the Israelis themselves—to their freedom of expression, to their democracy. No genuine democracy or freedom can exist in a country that deprives some people of their rights.

The trouble, of course, does not start with censorship. It starts with Israel's rule over a million and a half people against their will. Israel may claim time and again that its occupation is "the most humane ever known" (as it claims about the war in Lebanon). But no occupation, and no war, can be humane. Ruling people inevitably means depriving them of their elementary right to choose their own way of life.

This problem will not be solved by lifting the ban on books. It certainly won't be solved by writers and intellectuals of good will. The war in Lebanon has proved—if proof were still needed—how terribly complicated the Israeli-Palestinian situation is. This goes far beyond the issue of censorship.

Yet those who care about freedom of expression, about the right of people to control their culture and education, about the dignity of human beings, should start here—with the issue of censorship. This should be the first commitment of intellectuals and writers. Rather than taking responsibility for carrying out the censorship regulations, for choosing between "kosher" and "nonkosher" books, writers and intellectuals should lead the fight against all repression of human freedom and dignity.

I know there are many Israelis who share this opinion, this commitment. They are certainly only a minority—in Israel as elsewhere—especially in this time of rising Israeli chauvinism. They need the support of the international community of writers and of all those who care about human rights and freedom. □

THE NAVY'S 'HOT' NEW PLAN

Radioactivity For the Oceans

DAVID E. KAPLAN AND IDA LANDAUER

The aging hulks of two Polaris nuclear submarines are rusting in their berths at Seattle's Navy shipyard. The subs are still "hot" from years of nuclear propulsion even though the highly radioactive spent fuel has been removed. These two vessels, the U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln and the U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt, are only part of a growing mass of nuclear waste the Navy has generated over the years, a problem it may soon solve by ending a twelve-year moratorium on ocean dumping of radioactive waste. A recent Navy plan calls for dumping more than 100 nuclear submarines, with their reactors intact, off the coasts of the United States.

The submarines and their reactors are reminders that the Navy has amassed one of the country's most formidable nuclear complexes. Few Americans realize that most of the nation's nuclear power plants are operated by the Navy, not by utility companies. The Navy maintains 151 propulsion reactors aboard its subs, cruisers and aircraft carriers, and another nine at training centers in Connecticut, Idaho and New York. By contrast, there are only seventy-three commercial reactors in the nation.

Under the Navy's plan, the decommissioned, defueled submarines would be towed out to sea at a rate of three or four a year over the next thirty years and be dumped in waters of 14,000 feet or more at locations approved by the Environmental Protection Agency. More than 100 sites are being considered, but the Navy gives top priority to two potential graveyards just within U.S. territorial waters: one 160 miles southwest of Cape Mendocino off the California coast, and the other 200 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras off the coast of North Carolina.

"The Navy is moving as fast as the law allows—or faster—toward disposing of its worn-out nuclear submarines by scuttling them," says California State Senator Barry Keene, a vocal critic of the Navy's plan. Keene, whose coastal district borders a proposed dump site, believes the dumping could begin within a year, although a Navy spokesman says it may not start for five years.

Keene is leading a broad-based antidumping coalition on the West Coast similar to the one that has opposed the Reagan Administration's plans for offshore oil drilling. The alliance includes Governor Jerry Brown and other prominent state officials, sport and commercial fishermen, coastal residents and members of environmental groups. The coalition was aided last August when the California legislature

David E. Kaplan and Ida Landauer write for the Center for Investigative Reporting in Oakland, California. This article was sponsored by the center's Nuclear Navy Project.

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passed a resolution urging a halt to further ocean dumping until its environmental impact is better understood. Residents of North Carolina and their representatives in Congress have also expressed opposition, as have the governors of Guam and Hawaii.

The House of Representatives joined the fray in mid-September by passing, on a voice vote, a two-year moratorium on the ocean dumping of low-level nuclear waste. The bill requires close Congressional scrutiny of any dumping after the moratorium. A similar bill in the Senate, sponsored by Republican John Chafee, is gaining support despite opposition from the Reagan Administration. A vote on the Senate bill may come as early as November.

As an alternative to ocean dumping, the Navy is considering a plan to dispose of the submarines on land. This would entail cutting out the ships' reactor compartments and transporting them to a Federal dump site at Savannah River, Georgia, or Hanford, Washington. Some Navy officials, however, prefer sea disposal because of the ease of towing the subs offshore and flooding them until they sink. Land disposal would be costlier, they say, and would expose shipyard personnel to much greater amounts of the radioactive elements still present in the defueled subs.

"The driving factor here is that the Navy must find a permanent disposal site for its nuclear subs," says Navy spokesman Lieut. Bob Schmermund. "The subs have a useful lifetime of about twenty to thirty years, so it's better we start looking now for a solution before they begin to pile up at our shipyards." Schmermund says there are already four decommissioned subs awaiting disposal, a fifth—the U.S.S. Nautilus—will be used as a museum after it is decontaminated.

The Navy is also under pressure to retire many of the subs because of U.S. obligations under the SALT treaty of 1972. The agreement with the Soviet Union expired in 1977, but protocols that freeze at 710 the number of ballistic-missile launchers American subs may carry were extended. With the impending commissioning of seven huge Trident subs, each with twenty-four launchers, the Navy is eager to decommission its aging fleet of ten Polaris subs, which are fitted with only sixteen launchers each.

The Navy is expected to present a draft environmental impact statement in November on its submarine-disposal plan. There will be sixty days for public comment, and a final statement should be ready within six months. Barry Keene and other critics charge that the Navy's plan is timed to coincide with the proposal of new regulations by the E.P.A. allowing ocean dumping of nuclear waste. The regulations will reportedly be published this year.

Opponents of the E.P.A.'s proposed regulations were shocked last May when Glen Sjoblom was appointed director of the agency's Office of Radiation Programs. Sjoblom was formerly the Navy's assistant director of naval reactors, and he helped develop its plan for scuttling the old subs. As head of the E.P.A. office, he will oversee the evaluation of the Navy plan, and his report will be the principal guide for E.P.A. Administrator Anne Gorsuch.

Keene blasted the appointment, calling Sjoblom "one of the Navy's leading advocates of ocean dumping of radioactive waste." The E.P.A. responded that Sjoblom is "a highly qualified radiation protection professional [whose] expertise will be of benefit to the agency in ensuring a thorough technical review" of the Navy's plans.

Part of Sjoblom's new job will be to predict the hazards posed by the Navy's dumping of its irradiated subs. In an official statement on the disposal plan, the Navy asserted that the defueled subs are "considered low-level radioactive waste" and fall well within E.P.A. guidelines. But critics of the proposal, including the Union of Concerned Scientists, believe the Navy is underestimating the amount of radioactivity in the subs. Marvin Resnikoff, a physicist at the Council on Economic Priorities, points to the presence of such isotopes as nickel 59, with a radioactive half-life of 80,000 years, and niobium 94, with a half-life of more than 20,000 years. These elements, he says, indicate the subs should be considered far more dangerous than "low-level" waste.

Keene charges that the E.P.A. is planning to change its definition of low-level waste to accommodate the Navy. E.P.A. officials deny the charge, but sources at the agency confirm that discussions about a change are indeed under way. Moreover, the amounts the Navy proposes to dump are so large that they will greatly expand the scope of ocean dumping. According to a 1980 article in *Science* magazine, a single nuclear submarine contains up to 50,000 curies of radioactivity. To put this in some perspective, there is estimated to be a total of 94,000 curies in the oceans now from *all* the waste dumped there by the United States over more than twenty years.

Three Navy reactors already lie at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Two of the submarines sank accidentally. The U.S.S. Thresher collapsed off the New England coast in 1963, and the U.S.S. Scorpion sank off the Azores in 1968. The Navy has monitored the locations in which the subs went down, and it reports finding only small amounts of cobalt 60, a radioactive isotope with a half-life of almost five and a half years. These ships are cited by the Navy as evidence that dumping would not create a health hazard.

The Navy has a tougher time proving no hazards were created by the third reactor's sinking. In 1959, Adm. Hyman Rickover, the "father" of the nuclear Navy, decided to abandon the sodium-cooled reactor developed for the U.S.S. Seawolf, the world's second nuclear-powered vessel. The Seawolf's reactor, plagued by leaks and corrosion, was replaced with one cooled by pressurized water, the system used by its predecessor, the U.S.S. Nautilus, and by most other reactors. On April 18, 1959, without public announcement, the Navy towed the Seawolf's defective sodium reactor about 120 miles off the Delaware-Maryland coast and dumped it 9,000 feet down. In 1980, a *Boston Globe* investigation revealed that the Navy, despite an apparently lengthy search, has since been unable to locate the reactor.

The Navy has thrown other radioactive refuse into the ocean over the years. From 1946 to 1970, more than 89,000 barrels of radioactive waste, much of it from Navy ship-

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yards and radiation labs, were dumped in fifty locations off the nation's coastlines. The exact number is not known because record-keeping at the time was notoriously poor. A check by the E.P.A. found that one quarter of the barrels at the Farallon Islands dump thirty miles west of San Francisco were ruptured and leaking. Despite government claims that only low-level waste was dumped, evidence in recently unearthed documents from the Atomic Energy Commission indicates that more than 1,000 barrels of high-level waste, most of it from the Navy's Bettis Laboratory in Pittsburgh, were disposed.

A debate still rages in scientific and policy circles over the safety of nuclear dump sites. The United States has spent only $250,000 since 1974 to study existing dumps, little of which has gone to study health hazards. Meanwhile, the government has spent $30 million to find ways to bury high-level waste beneath the ocean floor.

At Congressional hearings in 1980, the E.P.A. pledged to monitor the dump sites in heavily fished areas, but the agency—citing "changing program priorities"—recently admitted it is now monitoring only fish catches. Although the E.P.A. has pronounced the dump sites safe, at hearings on ocean dumping on August 7 in California, Director of Health Beverlee Myers pointed to the findings of state scientists and others of significant levels of plutonium, strontium and cesium in fish taken from waters near the Farallons.

The issue may come to a head next February at a meeting of the signatories of the London Dumping Convention, the international treaty that regulates ocean dumping of radioactive waste. Some fifty member nations will consider an amendment offered by two small Pacific island nations to ban all ocean dumping. The proposal is supported by the Scandinavian countries but faces bitter opposition from the United States, Japan and several countries in Europe.

The Pacific islanders are fighting a Japanese plan to dump as much as 100,000 curies annually into the ocean north of Micronesia. Opposition from Pacific island nations and trust territories grew so intense last year that the Japanese government delayed its program in order to launch a public-relations campaign and explore "interim" measures to handle the waste.

Jackson Davis, a marine biologist at the University of California at Santa Cruz, is a scientific adviser to many of the Pacific nations fighting the Japanese proposal. Davis, one of the first scientists to call attention to the health hazards of U.S. coastal dumps, is worried that large-scale operations like those being considered by the U.S. Navy and Japan will open the oceans to massive dumping of high-level as well as low-level waste. "The United States is using the Japanese program as a trial balloon," he says. "It's the same area of the Pacific that the United States is studying for high-level waste disposal.

"And the Navy's program—here we have a precedent being set to start dumping power reactors. In the United States we have as many as seventy power reactors which will need decommissioning within fifteen years. It's opening the door to an activity that could be disastrous. The British have already made it clear they wish to follow the lead of the United States in dumping their reactors into the ocean."

Davis believes the long-range effects of this policy can already be seen in Western Europe, where a handful of countries—Belgium, Switzerland and England—continue to dump low-level waste into the North Atlantic. He cites a recent report by two English government scientists that indicates that people who eat seafood contaminated from dumps near the Windscale reprocessing plant in England receive the equivalent of at least 300 X-rays in a lifetime. The radiation of two nuclear submarines, adds Davis, equals all the "radwaste" dumped into English waters annually.

With the realization that radioactive wastes are creeping up the marine food chain, European opponents of ocean dumping are intensifying their fight. During the last several weeks, members of Greenpeace have repeatedly attempted to block dumping operations by positioning their boats beneath the docks of ships dumping nuclear cargo and, in two cases, chaining themselves to the ships' unloading cranes. Although the actions received little attention in the United States, they generated widespread press coverage in Western Europe, including a cover story in *Der Spiegel*, the West German newsweekly. And, accompanied by growing public opposition, they have had at least one substantial effect: in mid-September the Dutch government announced an end to fifteen years of dumping nuclear wastes into the Atlantic.

Greenpeace U.S.A. has hinted that it might physically block renewed attempts at ocean dumping by the United States. Other environmental groups are stepping up their own campaigns. Opponents here believe, as Keene put it, that it will take increasing "political clamor" to stop U.S. plans to drop new loads of radioactive waste into the world's oceans. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Pushkin Englished

MICHAEL HENRY HEIM

THE BRONZE HORSEMAN: Selected Poems of Alexander Pushkin. *Translated with an introduction by D. M. Thomas. The Viking Press. 261 pp. $15.95.*

"Pushkin is more alive to Russians than Shakespeare or Wordsworth is to us," says D.M. Thomas in his introduction to this selection of Pushkin's lyrics, narrative poems and plays in verse. Has Thomas succeeded in bringing the nineteenth-century Russian poet to life for twentieth-century readers? He has come closer than most of his predecessors. How does his approach differ from theirs? The question of his relationship to his predecessors is complicated by the fact that a number of the pieces in this volume are partly or largely reworkings of previous translations by others. In light of the controversy over Thomas's use of source material in his novel *The White Hotel*, this is a problem that must be examined.

Let us first look at these translations as poetry. Verse of Pushkin's age, the early and mid-nineteenth century, is what we learn to think of as "poetry" at our school desks. But poetry that sounds vaguely like Byron, Keats or Shelley and dates from the twentieth century strikes us as hackneyed, and Pushkin is anything but that to the Russians. They learn poem after poem of his by heart, in school and out; one of the most moving passages in Eugenia Ginzburg's *Journey Into the Whirlwind*, a memoir of her years in Soviet labor camps, tells how reconstructing Pushkin's verse novel, *Eugene Onegin*, in a mercilessly crowded cattle car en route to Siberia helped many of her fellow prisoners hold on to their sanity. As Thomas points out in his introduction, much of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature is prefigured somehow or other in Pushkin's works. Russian writers, even more than their British counterparts, relive their literature *in* literature. Pushkin the man and Pushkin's poetry appear repeatedly in the pages of Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy and Chekhov and in Russian literature today. Contemporary Russians read him as their contemporary. His translator must make him modern, yet not go so far as to make a modern poet out of him.

Often Thomas treads this fine line with skill. Here is how he treats the opening two stanzas of "To the Fountain of the Palace of Bakhchisarai":

> Fountain of love, you living source,
> Two roses as a gift I bring.
> Dear to me is your murmuring voice
> That never fails, your tears that spring
>
> Poetically. With light cool rain
> Your silver dust is sprinkling me.
> Tell me your tale; enchantingly,
> Joyously, babble! Pour on, pour on . . .

Here, by way of contrast, are the same stanzas in a recent Soviet translation intended for foreign consumption:

> Two roses do I bring to thee,
> O fount of love that 'fore me dances.
> Thy tears poetic comfort me,
> Thy tender voice my soul entrances.
>
> Thou greetest me as I draw near,
> My face with silvered dew-drops spraying.
> Pour, pour, O fount, and, ceaseless playing,
> Speak, speak thy story in my ear.

This is a perfect example of the cliché-ridden nineteenth-century-like language I have just warned against; in its own way it reflects the official, conservative view of literature prevalent in the Soviet Union. Thomas has kept the period vocabulary to a large extent, but by playing more with rhyme than was the style in Pushkin's day (source/voice, rain/on, me/enchantingly) and by connecting the two stanzas by an enjambment, he has created something that is acceptable to modern sensibilities, yet still Pushkin.

Sometimes, true, he goes too far. "O rose maiden, you fetter me . . ." runs in its entirety as follows:

> O rose maiden, you fetter me;
> But I am no more ashamed
> To be fettered by you
> Than is the nightingale, king
> Of woodland singers, ashamed
> To live close-bound to the rose,
> Tenderly singing songs for her
> In the obscure voluptuous night.

In the original, this poem is in the same meter as "To the Fountain of the Palace of Bakhchisarai" and is rhymed throughout; I can find nothing in it that calls for dropping both meter and rhyme. At several points in the introduction, Thomas speaks of poems that "seem" to require more literal treatment or that resist formal constraints, but "seeming" is a less than satisfactory criterion.

When Thomas explains precisely why he transfers a poem from its original meter and/or rhyme scheme into a different one, the results are more satisfying. For example, he chooses blank verse for "The Gavriliad," a hilarious mock-epic about a none-too-immaculate Mary, seduced on the same night by Satan, Gabriel and God himself (thus leaving us in sacrilegious doubt about the paternity of her Son). Thomas argues that blank verse "throws up mock-heroic echoes of Milton," which resonate pleasingly for English-language readers and which the rhymed pentameter of the Russian would obscure. National literatures have different traditions and make different uses of poetic devices. William Harkins, who has also translated "The Gavriliad" (in Alexander Pushkin, *Three Comic Poems*), proposes another model, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and retains rhyme. Here is a crucial passage in the description of the battle between Satan and Gabriel, first as translated by Thomas:

> It looks all over. Hell prepares to cheer.
> Quick-thinking Gabriel, though, is not done yet.
> He bites his adversary in a place
> Superfluous and vulnerable in battle,
> The puffed-up member he has used to sin.

Harkins has:

> The devil's gaining; jubilant, Hell quivers,
> But luckily the cunning Gabriel
> Found with his teeth a spot quite unprotected—
> That weapon which in battle is neglected—
> The very member through which Satan fell.

Both reflect the original, each in its own

Michael Henry Heim teaches Russian and Czech literature at the University of California at Los Angeles. His translation of Milan Kundera's The Joke *will appear this fall.*

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way, although Harkins comes closer to Pushkin's tongue-in-cheek exuberance.

Unfortunately, Thomas does not always practice what he preaches. "The Bridegroom" is a ballad in both form and content for Pushkin, but in content only for Thomas—a particular shame because the ballad form came to Russia from England. "To the Sea" is consciously Byronic in both theme and language; however, despite the vigor of Thomas's diction, his version is the weaker for eschewing all trace of Byronic rhyme and meter. "I loved you . . ." is, in the original, a play on rhymes: Pushkin sets up the final rhyme to be a predictable pair of the "moon/June" type—here *tomim/lyubim* (tormented/loved)—and then thwarts it cleverly. In Thomas's version the rhyme is "I/shy," which fails to capture this play and upsets the balance of the poem by overemphasizing the speaker's timidity.

These are fine points, though. Thomas has included a representative selection of shorter poems (thirty-eight in all), narrative poems and poetic dramas ("The Gavriliad," "The Gypsies," "The Bridegroom," "Count Nulin," "Mozart and Salieri," "The Stone Guest," "The Tale of Tsar Saltan," "Rusalka," "The Tale of the Golden Cockerel" and the eponymous "Bronze Horseman"). This volume contains about the same number of poems as Walter Arndt's *Pushkin Threefold*), which, however, also provides the reader with originals, linear translations and metric translations—hence its title. Some of Arndt's translations work well, especially where wit is of the essence (he has translated the German satiric poets Christian Morgenstern and Wilhelm Busch, and gives here the first, and near-definitive, English translation of Pushkin's raucously bawdy "Tsar Nikita and His Forty Daughters"). When Pushkin grows more serious, though, Arndt can sound a bit ponderous. Clarity and grace come naturally to Pushkin, even at his most contemplative, and Thomas follows him in this with a surer hand.

Thomas's model introduction provides a brief biographical and psychological sketch of Pushkin, a good deal of material about the poems themselves (obviating the need for intrusive notes elsewhere, although there are a few explanations of references and allusions at the back of the book) and a short essay entitled "Translating Pushkin." These concise and useful pages enable even the untutored reader to approach the poems

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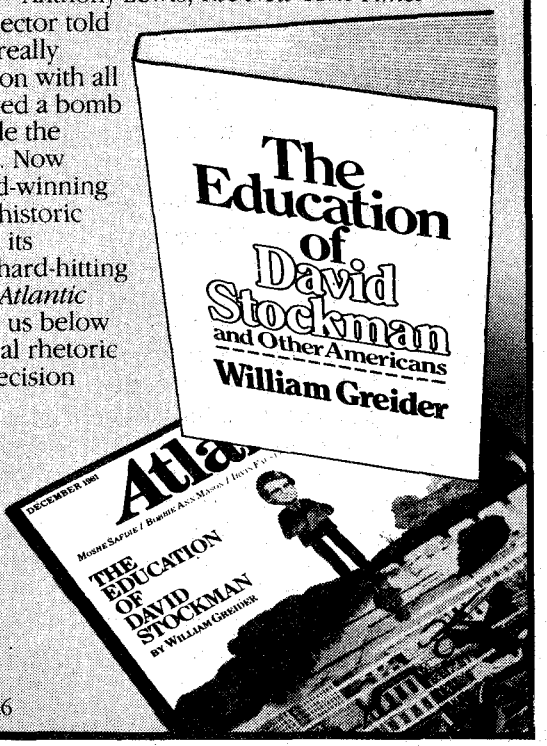
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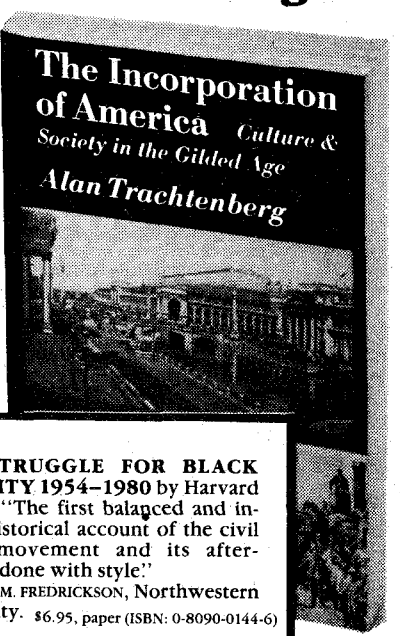

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equipped with a modicum of sophistication, yet unhampered by the feeling that he is about to embark on an academic exercise.

Preceding the introduction is a page of acknowledgments. Thomas has gone in for acknowledgments from the beginning of his career. In *Penguin Modern Poets II: D.M. Black, Peter Redgrove, D.M. Thomas*, Black and Redgrove acknowledge permission to reprint copyrighted material, while Thomas proclaims his gratitude to Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Tom Godwin, Damon Knight and James H. Schmitz, whose science-fiction stories suggested the myths from which his own poems evolved. Similarly, in *The White Hotel* he gratefully acknowledges the use of material from Anatoli Kuznetsov's *Babi Yar* and makes no bones about having quoted from Freud's works and letters *passim*. This practice has outraged some, but the recent to-do in the London *Times Literary Supplement* over Thomas's purported "plagiarism" struck me as a tempest in a teapot. To my mind, he wove fully acknowledged antecedents into an independent creative act.

Translation is imitation to begin with—legal and highly necessary imitation, but imitation nonetheless. A translator setting to work on a text that has been translated before has a right, even a duty, to consult the work of his predecessors, if for no other reason than to decide whether a new translation is called for. Even after a translator has shed previous versions to concentrate on his own, he may end up reproducing a few words or phrases of an earlier text, whether because no variation is possible, because chance (or talent, for that matter) can prompt different translators in the same way or because a phrase or two of an older translation suits the new one perfectly.

How does Thomas fit in here? Only two of his acknowledgments in the Pushkin volume concern us. I quote them in their entirety:

> I am grateful to John Fennell for his admirable selection from the poet's work, with prose translations (*Pushkin*, Penguin, 1964). Where I have sought a fairly literal tone, I have been much influenced by his lucid prose versions. Henri Troyat's biography, *Pushkin* (Allen & Unwin, 1974), gave me an overwhelming impression of the poet's life, his aliveness. Here, too, I came across free-verse translations of love poems (rendered from Troyat's French by Nancy Amphoux) which moved me far more than any metrical versions I had read. This suggested to me that for certain of Pushkin's poems free-verse might be the most faithful form of translation.

Let us take up the latter acknowledgment first. Pushkin, frustrated at having to read English literature in French translation, studied English to get closer to Shakespeare and Byron in his works; Thomas, who has studied Russian, bases several translations on English texts translated from French texts translated from the Russian. Here are the last five lines of the excerpt from "My rubicund critic . . ." in Amphoux's English:

> Oh, here comes a muzhik, with two women behind him:
> Bareheaded, a child's coffin under his arm;
> From afar he shouts to the pope's lazy boy
> To call his father and open up the church.
> "Run. We're late. Have to have a quick funeral."

Here is Thomas's version:

> Oh, here comes a peasant, with two women behind him:
> Bareheaded, a child's coffin under his arm;
> From afar he shouts out to the priest's lazy son
> To call his father and open up the church.
> 'Hurry up! We haven't got all day!'

Thomas has changed the Russian borrowing *muzhik* to its English equivalent, has corrected a mistranslation (Amphoux's "pope" goes back to Troyat's French word *pope*, which is borrowed from a Russian word meaning "Russian Orthodox priest") and has reworked the last line (Amphoux's line is closer to the Russian in sense). Amphoux stops here; so does Thomas. But Pushkin's poem goes on for another eight lines. Troyat-Amphoux do not claim to be presenting it in full; Thomas does. Could he have spent much time with the original? And why acknowledge only that Amphoux's versions of Pushkin's love poems suggested using free verse? "My rubicund critic . . ." is not a love poem, and her translation has clearly suggested a good deal more to Thomas than form.

Among the poems shared by Thomas's selection and Fennell's, there are quite a few equally close connections. They are not the rule, but neither are they the exception. Take Thomas's title poem, "The Bronze Horseman," itself. Fennell has:

> On the shore washed by the desolate waves *he* stood, full of lofty thoughts, and he gazed into the distance. Before him the broad river rushed by; on it in solitude sped a wretched skiff. Scattered here and there like black specks on the mossy, marshy banks were the huts, the shelter of the miserable Finn; and the forest, unknown to the rays of the mist-shrouded sun, rustled all around.

Thomas has:

> On a shore washed by desolate waves, *he* stood,
> Full of high thoughts, and gazed into the distance.
> The broad river rushed before him; a wretched skiff
> Sped on it in solitude. Here and there,
> Like black specks on the mossy, marshy banks,
> Were huts, the shelter of the hapless Finn;
> And forest, never visited by rays
> Of the mist-shrouded sun, rustled all round.

No doubt Thomas's emendations help Fennell's prose into poetry, and the result argues eloquently for the possibility of faithful poetic translation, but surely Fennell is entitled to more than a few words of thanks for his contribution—compare these two translations with the two translations of the Bakhchisarai lyric or of "The Gavriliad." Most of the borrowings from Fennell are not so word-for-word, especially when Thomas introduces rhyme, but they are numerous. And with all due respect to Fennell, whose translations admirably perform the function he assigns to them, most do not work as well for Thomas's purposes as this excerpt. They are too verbally flat—where Thomas has relied on them, one misses the subdued rhyme and rhythm that make so many of the other poems come alive.

Moreover, Thomas fails to acknowledge two sources altogether—the "linear" versions in the Arndt collection mentioned above, which he uses more sparingly than he does Fennell, and the "plain prose" versions in *The Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, introduced and edited by Dimitri Obolensky. In Obolensky the last stanza of "For the shores of your distant home . . ." begins:

> But there—alas!—where the sky's vault shines with blue radiance, where

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the shadow of olive-trees lies on the waters, you have fallen asleep for ever . . .

Thomas uses the same words:

But there, alas, where the sky's
Vault shines with blue radiance,
Where the shadow of olives lies
On the waters, you have fallen asleep
Forever.

Thomas is usually much freer in his adaptations—his "Autumn," for example, is a clever and successfully rhymed version of the prose in Obolensky's collections—but something is wrong here.

My feeling is that Thomas did not give a number of the translations enough time to jell and did not dig deep enough into the Russian (the February issue of *London Magazine* carries an interview with Thomas in which he states that his Russian, learned in the army, is not as good as he would like). Perhaps this is why he is so willing to lean on previous versions; perhaps, too, he identifies a bit with "his" Pushkin, who, he writes, "cared not a whit where or what he scavenged."

Richard Howard, in the foreword to his widely acclaimed translation of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal*, thanks John Hollander for providing the initial impulse to his own labors: "I remember as a kind of proleptic grace the effect his own translations of Baudelaire, some thirty years ago, had upon my notions of what might be done, or at least not left undone." Hal Draper, whose *Complete Poems* of Heinrich Heine has also received high praise, notes that he worked on his mammoth project for more than twenty-five years.

If Thomas continues to work on Pushkin—and the successes in the present volume lead me to hope that he will—both this approach to the use of previous translations and this generous expense of time deserve his consideration. He is, I suspect, on the verge of finding the tone that can free him from his predecessors and give readers of English a Pushkin *of* the nineteenth but *for* the twentieth century. □

Doctors' Dilemmas

ANNA FELS

LETTERS TO A YOUNG DOCTOR. *By Richard Selzer. Simon and Schuster. 205 pp. $13.95.*

A WOMAN IN RESIDENCE. *By Michelle Harrison, M.D. Random House. 264 pp. $13.95.*

In "The Slug," a brief story in this collection of essays and fiction, surgeon Richard Selzer creates a metaphor for medicine which has all the strange, crude honesty that gives his writing its power. The tale begins as he discovers the pale, fleshy little creature, "thick as a finger, full of wet stuff," in a hidden garden. He is revolted and frightened by it, but what emerges from his revulsion is a horrified fascination. He becomes "a slug lover." He dreams of an elopement. "That which only minutes before had sickened and repelled me was what I longed most to hold. Come what may, I must go beyond mere seeing to the closer union of touch."

This love of the visceral, this need to grapple physically with the grotesque, is at the heart of Selzer's book. In "Textbook," the opening essay, he describes his childhood discovery of a medical book and how the bizarre wounds and illnesses depicted in it mesmerized him: "On this page, a youngish woman with cross-eyed breasts. A pouch of fatigue hangs below one nipple." "An old woman lies back in whorish recumbency." "The boyish bravado that rose above a huge scrotum infested with microfilaria." Clearly, for Selzer, the practice of medicine is deeply connected with sexuality and the fascination of the forbidden.

Needless to say, his is a highly unorthodox vision. Any med-school alumni journal will tell you a different story—that medicine is really a wonderful blend of art and science, the ideal line of work for the high-minded Renaissance man. As readers of his previous books already know, Selzer is one of the few medical writers who take a hard look at the actual subjects of medicine: disease, deformity and the human body with all its frailties. He is also one of the few who honestly note the ambivalent reactions of doctors to these disturbing realities.

You sometimes wonder, though, if

Anna Fels is a doctor at New York Hospital and a researcher at Rockefeller University.

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Selzer understands what he is saying—or perhaps the problem is that he understands it but can't quite accept it. The brutal images of "Textbook" are followed by the bland summation, "There is no more beautiful sight in the world than that of a kindly, efficient doctor engaged in the examination of the body of a fellow human being." Another chapter begins in an Old Testament cadence—"You must never set your anger upon a patient"—and goes on to tell a hair-raising story of the rage and cruelty a young doctor can give in to under the stress of fatigue: Selzer, as a young surgeon, gleefully sews the ears of an unruly patient to the stretcher to keep him still.

The author's vacillating stance toward his subject has disastrous effects on his style. Powerful vignettes emerge like rocky outcroppings in a rain forest of florid prose and quasi-Biblical admonitions to the young doctor of the title. "Let Surgery be a road not taken and not rued," he instructs his poor neophyte in Charlton Heston-like tones. "Only a flaming torch reflected in water can exist where it dare not go." Too often, Selzer can't resist adding a dollop of rhetoric to otherwise clear prose: "Again the slug moved and I saw the rippling lips of its single pink foot, beauteous enough to be worth all nine Muses."

By contrast, the story and style of *A Woman in Residence* are totally coherent if in some ways more predictable. Michelle Harrison, the physician author, spoke daily into a tape recorder as she was going through her residency training in obstetrics and gynecology, and later edited the tapes to write this book. Perhaps as a result of this technique, the book has an immediacy and straightforwardness that make you believe the saga of medical abuse and callousness that she unfolds. Even more vividly, she describes the struggles of a single mother trying to cope simultaneously with the needs of a young child and the requirements of a profession. It is a painful story—single-parenthood and medicine could not, in the end, be combined—and she tells it well.

Harrison's attitude toward surgery could not be more different from Selzer's. Where he struggles in confusion between professional distance and intimacy, revulsion and fascination, she is all empathy. She *becomes* the patient on the surgical table; she makes you feel the patient's embarrassment and pain. For Selzer, it is the heroics of the surgical process itself that are of interest; the rituals of the operating room, the trays of shiny instruments. The patient is the unwitting opponent with whom he will do battle. The surgeon in his eyes is "the hero," "the victor"; the patient is "his vanquished foe." Of the two positions, Harrison's is certainly the more humane.

Nonetheless, despite the warmth and concern Harrison shows her patients, there are moments when that very closeness seems oppressive and inappropriate. At one point, a skeptical colleague questions her policy of refusing pain killers to women in labor: " 'But Dr. Harrison, what do you do when a woman is in pain?' He was shaking his fist, accusing me of cruelty and inhumanity. 'When a woman is in pain, I put my arms around her and I hold her.' " But why, one wonders, does her patient have no say in this decision?

Reading this passage, or one of Selzer's semi-sexual descriptions of surgery ("The surgeon rides the patient. . . . This body is beautiful to him and he [*sic*] it—he whom the patient encloses in the fist of his flesh"), you feel a certain nostalgia for the more traditional type of doctor described by Selzer in his fine story "Imelda." "It was," he writes, "less kindness that he showed [his patients] than a reassurance that he would never give up, that he would bend every effort. If anyone could, he would solve the problems of their flesh." □

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Castro's Closet

GEORGE DESTEFANO

GAYS UNDER THE CUBAN REVOLUTION. *By Allen Young. Grey Fox Press. 112 pp. $5.95.*

The title of this flawed but chilling book is a deliberate and unsettling double entendre. According to Allen Young, a gay man and once an ardent New Leftist and Cuba-booster, gays of both sexes are literally "under" the revolution, cruelly oppressed by a host of ideological, cultural and legal strictures that render them pariahs. In official Cuban parlance, they are "scum," "antisocials."

That the Cuban revolution has been intolerant of homosexuals should come as no surprise in 1982. The gay press in the United States and elsewhere has for more than a decade carried reports of Cuban homophobia, and the issue has been a profoundly painful one for gay activists who consider themselves socialists. The disturbing news has been presented in numerous books on the Cuban revolution, most notably Ernesto Cardenal's *In Cuba* (Cardenal is now Minister of Culture in Nicaragua); K.S. Karol's *Guerrillas In Power*; José Yglesias's *In The Fist of The Revolution*; and Joe Nicholson Jr.'s *Inside Cuba*. (Nicholson, a gay journalist recently profiled in a *Columbia Journalism Review* article about media images of gays, titled a chapter of his book "Homosexuals as the New Niggers.") Fidel Castro revealed his own anti-

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homosexual bias—which is founded on primitive notions depressingly similar to those of Anita Bryant or Jerry Falwell—in Lee Lockwood's *Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel*.

But Young's slim volume is the most detailed, devastating account to date of how the Cuban system harasses, marginalizes and, as in the 1980 Mariel exodus, drives out gay people. Young's book derives a special piquancy from the fact that he was once a committed Marxist and self-described "propagandist for the Cuban revolution" who traveled to Cuba twice at the invitation of that country's government. He was also instrumental in setting up the Venceremos Brigades of young North Americans who did volunteer agricultural work in Cuba.

Young maintains that the maltreatment of gays in Cuba is both a particular human-rights problem and an indication that something is fundamentally rotten in "the first free territory in the Americas." Cuba's antigay policies, he argues, are not an isolated aberration but part of an oppressive pattern that includes authoritarianism, militarism, sexism and residual racism.

Although Young fails to argue convincingly his broader thesis—he hasn't been to Cuba in eleven years, he seems unacquainted with recent literature on the subject and he consistently downplays the role of *Yanqui* hostility in distorting the Cuban revolution—the evidence of gay oppression that he has assembled should trouble all but the Moral Majority and Cuba's most dogmatic and uncritical admirers.

Antigay sentiment achieved its most virulent manifestation in the U.M.A.P. camps (Military Units to Increase Production) where suspected "delinquents"—mainly young gay men—were interred and frequently brutalized during the mid-1960s. Although domestic and international protests brought about the closing of the U.M.A.P.s, persecution of homosexuals, says Young, continues unabated. There are the competent, dedicated people denied employment because of their sexual orientation, the students expelled from the universities, the lesbians who have their love letters intercepted and read aloud at public gatherings. There are the capricious arrests, imprisonments and beatings, the surveillance and harassment carried out by the Committees to Defend the Revolution, the ceaseless ideological pronouncements condemning homosexuality and exalting the conventional nuclear family as the building block of revolutionary society.

Young says that there are homosexual men and women in the Cuban Communist Party and in other influential government positions, but they are closeted individuals whose positions depend on the repression and denial of their homosexuality. These persons, says Young, "will never say anything against the way the revolution oppresses them. This is a phenomenon that has come to be known as internalized self-hatred." Uncloseted gays, on the other hand, are afflicted with an onerous Catch-22: the Cuban system derides them as counterrevolutionary and also denies them the opportunity to demonstrate their militance, since homosexuals are automatically excluded from membership in the Communist Party.

Why has the Cuban revolution, still a bastion of radical social change and anti-imperialism for many, set out to degrade and disenfranchise an entire group of human beings? Young maintains that Marxism itself is to blame, especially the Stalinist variety that obstinately clings to erroneous, unscientific notions of homosexuality as "bourgeois decadence" and "social pathology." According to Young, the Stalinist view of homosexuality conspires with Latin American machismo to reinforce what Gore Vidal has called "the heterosexual dictatorship."

But Young has more on his mind than a critique of Cuban Communism. His coming out as a gay liberationist in the early 1970s opened his eyes, he tells us, not only to gay oppression in Cuba but also to what he now believes to be the true nature of Marxism and leftist politics. Like earlier apostates who abandoned The God That Failed, Young, in his justifiable anger over the plight of Cuban gays and the obtuse response of many North American leftists, now rejects the left in toto. As a result, personal ax-grinding supplants clear-headed analysis and undermines a frequently powerful story. Young is so intent on proving that the left has nothing to offer gay people but oppression that he completely overlooks historical instances of gay-socialist alliances as well as signs that today's left is moving, albeit haltingly, to integrate gay concerns into its agenda.

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change movements, from disarmament to reproductive rights, from anti-imperialism to tenants' rights struggles, refuse to be separated from the left, as Allen Young evidently would like. They link their destinies with others who are working for the radical restructuring of society while recognizing that the battle to overcome homophobia on the left—and in society in general—will be a long one. The conviction of gay leftists that they can win these fights may be a delusion. Even so, it represents a worthier, more empowering stance than Young's own dismaying admission—that since renouncing radicalism he spends his time "trying to bring intelligence and honesty to a small-town daily newspaper owned by conservative Republicans." □

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FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

L'Adolescente
Josepha
Xica

None of the films considered here will change the course of the cinema, nor would missing them be a serious deprivation. Nevertheless, they have their virtues and their interests, particularly if viewed somewhat obliquely.

Jeanne Moreau's *L'Adolescente*, the second film she has directed, ends with a voice remarking sadly that war was then declared and henceforth the world would be different; the gentle ways of life would not return. In fact, though, the lives in the story have not been conspicuously gentle. As you would expect from the title, the movie deals with the tumult of puberty, but in this case a large part of the adult community is also in emotional disarray. The heroine views her surroundings through a romantic haze and so does Moreau, who wrote the script with Henriette Jelinek.

Marie (Laetitia Chauveau), who is 13, has arrived with her parents for their annual visit with the girl's grandmother, somewhere in the rich countryside of France. There is a new doctor in the village. He is about 30 years old, kind and quietly handsome. Predictably enough, Marie falls precipitately in love with him. Not so predictably, so does her mother, whose lack of prudence is plain folly in village society and provokes a public brawl between husband and lover. In a subplot, a young woman of the village has borne a child and cannot marry its father because his blind and despairingly bitter father has set his face against the match. The mother of this unhappy woman is rumored to be a witch of benign impulses and is known to dispense love potions.

Then the intransigent old man dies, and Marie, who has surrendered the field to her mother, secures one of the witch's magic draughts and slips equal portions into her parents' wine glasses. The young couple is free to wed, the older couple is reunited and true love doubly prevails, as well it might in girlish dreams. However, this is not just Marie's view of life; it is Moreau's as well, and I wonder at her innocence.

In addition to romanticism, the movie is suffused with a tenderness for its subject. I suspect that its director was as intent on creating an ambiance as on telling a story, and in that respect the film fulfills itself. Its detailed evocation of village customs and characters is beguiling and convincing—thanks largely to Simone Signoret, playing the grandmother, who has a gift for bestowing authenticity on her surroundings. She can evoke a whole milieu merely by the way she clears a table. Nostalgia for the recent past is a pervasive, if dubious, indulgence. *L'Adolescente* is one of its more enticing examples.

Christopher Frank, novelist and playwright, was born in England, educated in France. He returned to London in his teens and became in time an assistant director and occasional actor at the Royal Court. Today Frank lives again in France, where he has now directed his first movie, *Josepha*, based on one of his novels.

Frank is a better director than he is a novelist. The story he has put on film

MAPS
for my father

Don't doubt it, they remember—
the familiar waters passing under them,
your house and you
in the yard, shouting back.

The morning of their return
wasn't I always up before dawn, goose honk
ready to break from my throat
as we watched the ruts filling with their bright rain?

You taught me the paths they leave
in the sky, showed me
the furrows left season after season by wings
coming back. On the palm of my hand
you traced their rivers, the creeks they follow,
pounding into my pulse
the air throb
the wing beat.

What map is there for a man's silence?
For the image sunk like a bullet in his skull, for
the one thing he will never tell you,
which, of course, is the one thing you most want to know?

You taught me the gun, as your father
taught it to you. You fitted
the stock to my shoulder. When you told me to fire,
I felt the bullet moving in
two directions, like love, and when I held the bird up,
there was still a thin strip of sky
in the one eye closing.

Susan Mitchell

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involves a fairly routine and not entirely plausible love triangle, but the picture is redeemed by the incidental interest of its backgrounds and the solid performances of its cast. Miou-Miou (in the title role) is the wife, Claude Brasseur is the husband and Bruno Cremer is the lover.

Josepha and Michel are a couple who search out, produce and perform "Off Off Broadway" plays that attract almost no customers to tiny Left Bank theaters. That is their art; for bread and butter they accept any odd jobs, mostly in TV, that come along. Though married for some years, they are erotically incandescent, but the relationship is strained by Josepha's knowledge that Michel has been unfaithful and her suspicion that he still is.

She lands a lucrative part in a shabby farce being filmed some distance from Paris, and thus strikes up an acquaintance with the handsome, elegant and wealthy Regis, a breeder and trainer of show horses. Largely at the initiative of Josepha, who no doubt wants to even the score with Michel, they quickly become lovers and, somewhat inconveniently, find themselves in love. Michel protests, but not very vehemently. He is a man not much given to vehemence—which, in his wife's opinion, limits him to being a good actor when otherwise he could be great. He never, she complains, plays a part from his guts.

Then, by a fortunate accident, Michel is offered the lead in an important production of *Macbeth*. Josepha attends the dress rehearsal, after which she remains behind and says to her husband, O.K., now we rehearse. Michel says it's too late; the production is set; the opening is only hours away. She replies, nonsense; we have the whole night; it's your big chance; you can be superb. And so, hour after exhausting hour, she drills him. And at dawn, with a cleaning woman standing entranced in the rear of the house, she extracts from him a reading of "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow" (it sounds marvelously unfamiliar in French) that brings tears to her eyes. Their love for each other may be over, but their love of the theater will unite them forever.

Set thus in type, that sounds awful, but I assure you that Miou-Miou and Brasseur, along with Cremer in other sequences, carry it off. The *Macbeth* scene is the bravura climax of the picture, but the work as a whole is a victory of craft over content. Frank, I must suppose, believes his romance, and

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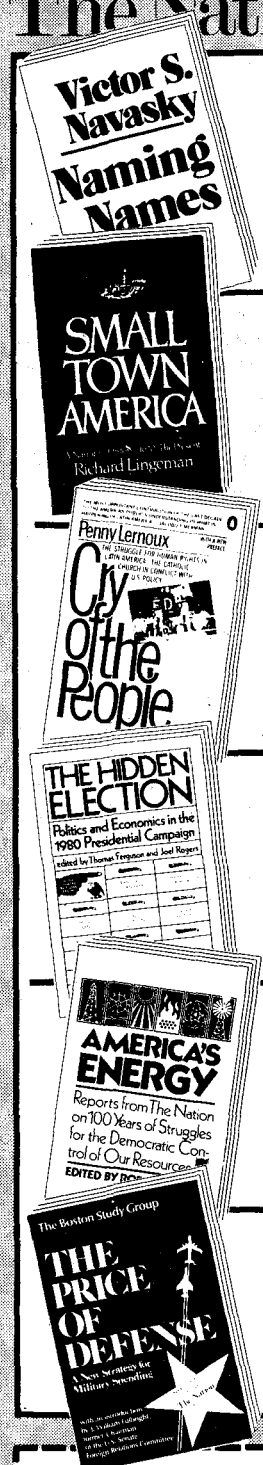
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under his direction, the actors make it believable. Of course, the impression fades, but for the moment it is affecting.

Xica, from the Brazilian director Carlos Diegues, makes an impression that will endure, but it will be the memory of something very odd. In *Bye Bye Brazil*, Diegues demonstrated an ability to cloak social comment in picaresque comedy. Now he employs the grossest slapstick for much the same purpose. The acting is crude; the sets are lavishly synthetic (though some dramatic local scenery is no doubt authentic); the plot is absurd. The intent is subversive—that is, to make the representatives of power and privilege the custard-pie targets of the derisive underdogs.

The film is based on the legendary career of one Xica da Silva, an eighteenth-century black slave who became, for a brief period, the most celebrated courtesan in Portugal's American colony. As played by Zeze Motta, a Brazilian actress and star of musicals, Xica was a woman of inexhaustible vitality, uncurbable insolence and limitless ambition. Her beauty, it would seem, was not great, but her allure was flagrant. And she possessed a secret weapon. Let her have a man, any man, to herself for five minutes and he would be heard to bellow like a mired buffalo, thereafter forever in her thrall. That is the recurring joke, the theme guffaw, of the film.

Xica has employed this talent to place the popinjay magistrate of her remote town, as well as his scapegrace son, under her thumb. Her chance to make history, however, comes with the arrival of the king's agent for diamonds, which abound in the area and belong, by law but not in practice, exclusively to the crown. This Joao Fernandes (Walmor Chagas), a grandee as handsome as he is venal (and as boring as a sprained ankle), succumbs instantly to Xica's touch. He installs her as the mistress of his bed and the queen of his household; he emancipates her, covers her in jewels and gowns. He dams a river and creates a lake so that Xica may disport herself to the strains of music on her royal barge.

The Europeans of the community are outraged by this flouting of their superiority; the slaves are outwardly sullen at having to serve one of their own, but secretly they are gratified. It takes some time for word of Xica's triumphs and her lover's peculations to reach the ear of the distant king, but soon thereafter another agent appears with Fernandes's marching orders in his satchel. He is a foppish clown with a heart of flint, and he has the stamina to enjoy Xica's favors and yet complete his mission. Fernandes rides off for the coast and has an anxious voyage home; Xica disappears into folklore. The gentry calm down and the underdogs laugh the nights away.

I wish I could have laughed with them, but Diegues's comedy is too broad for my grasp. I appreciate its celebration of a slave who made fools of her masters, but the point suffers from repetition. And intentional ineptitude, though it has sardonic capabilities, is a style difficult to maintain. But I am not black, and I don't live in Brazil. It is said that the film has had an unprecedented success on its home ground, and I don't wonder. □

JAZZ.

PETER WATROUS

Jazz is more homogeneous now than at any other time in its history. Twenty-five years ago Louis Armstrong didn't have much to say to John Coltrane. Today, thanks to the stylistic synthesizings of Ornette Coleman and Charles Mingus, we have a movement of disciplined and mature musicians fluent in every aspect of the Afro-American musical tradition. Arthur Blythe, Chico Freeman, Anthony Davis, Muhal Richard Abrams, the World Saxophone Quartet and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, to name a few, share a musical palette that encompasses African tribal and electronic music, and includes reggae, all forms of jazz and blues.

Urban Bushmen, the Art Ensemble of Chicago's most recent release—it was recorded in Munich in 1980—shows why the A.E.C. is regarded so highly. As with many of the new groups, the creativity of the A.E.C., which bills itself as GREAT BLACK MUSIC "Ancient to the Future," is spurred by the richness of its cultural heritage. Tonal music is placed next to free music, swing next to African tribal music, reggae next to bop. These juxtapositions are not facile eclecticism; they are both a joyful exhibition of Afro-American music and

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a conscious compositional tool.

Urban Bushmen opens with the shimmering, silvery, chimelike "Cote Bamco 1" and moves through an African drum choir composition, a flute solo, a graceful dirge in 2/4 time and a Miles Davis-style modal blowing tune. Three or four centuries of black music are evoked in twenty minutes without a single incongruous or studied passage. Elsewhere on the album: marches; periods of silence; improvised dialogues between bass and trumpet; a song in traditional form; majestic melodies performed in unison by bass, baritone saxophone, tenor saxophone and trumpet; and jittery, metallic sounds produced by small percussion instruments. The music ranges from profound to humorous, from minimalist to expressionist to impressionist, and some of it defies categorization entirely. The A.E.C. is a world unto itself. *Urban Bushmen* invites you in.

If *Urban Bushmen* is a major masterpiece, then two records by A.E.C. band members are lesser masterpieces. Trumpet player Lester Bowie has released an album entitled *The Great Pretender*. Bowie is funny and often sardonic; listen to his version of "It's Howdy Doody Time," for instance. His playing is terrific, full of odd tonal colorations, half-valve growls, choked sighs and mellifluous melodic flights. To my mind, no trumpeter matches Bowie in sonic variety and control.

Roscoe Mitchell, one of the A.E.C.'s reed players, has put out an album called *Snurdy McGurdy and her Dancin' Shoes*. Mitchell is less of a musical jokester than Bowie; his music is tightly arranged and steers clear of the odd meandering that is part of *The Great Pretender*'s charm. The scores are pared down, Debussyesque. "Sing/Song," the opening composition, has some of the best arranging and playing I've heard in a while. Other tracks are funky in the style of 1960s soul, and there are plenty of well-crafted solos from Mitchell himself.

What is striking about the music on these three records is the attention paid to synthesizing apparently contradictory elements. Where one might expect to find the stiffness of overarranging, one finds the suppleness of improvisation. This is music with a surplus of beauty, intelligence and humor. It does full justice to the breadth and complexity of its heritage. □

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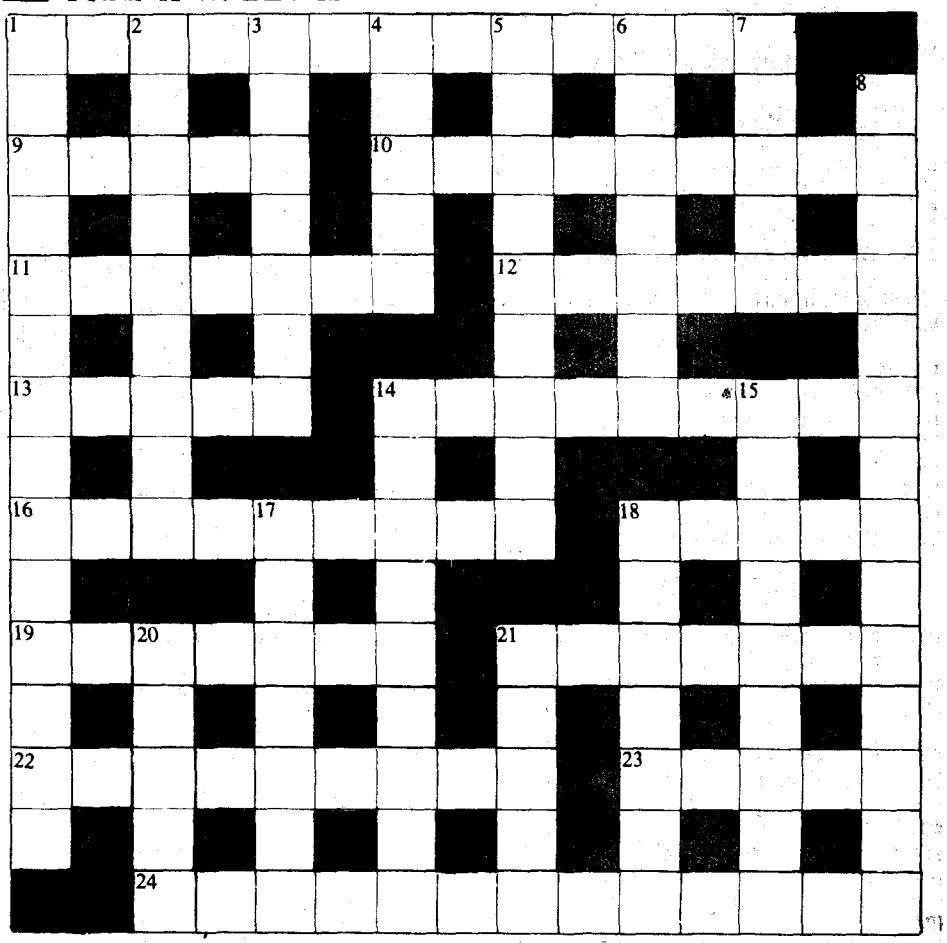

ACROSS

1 and 8 down Well-remembered request for permission to idealize that see-through quality? (Many said they saw through it.) (3,2,4,4,9,5)
9 If stressful, certain conditions show it to be caused by stress. (5)
10 Have a relapse, a number being found in the rear end. (9)
11 Top fishing equipment? (A spider is a good one.) (7)
12 Broadway cancellation—possibly due to end-of-season phenomenon? (4-3)
13 Ties sometimes go under them, as one complains vociferously. (5)
14 Suffering from 9, perhaps. (9)
16 It maketh thy senses reel to see such combinations! (9)
18 It may be faster if you go this way by water. (5)
19 Corded fabric copier—possibly to hang something on the wall again. (7)
21 Is there a sign of the family in such matters? (7)
22 A bad thing brings it back to me—I may be in the dark then. (9)
23 Turner made the French version before the English. (5)
24 What goes around every minute on your automobile? (Used to be a more common description.) (6-4,3)

DOWN

1 Any one of a number of kings to take up weapons having power—this one blew hot, at least! (5,9)
2 He should be able to tell you the strategy consists of bringing diplomacy here in France to an end. (9)
3 They are usually run by a junior member of the organization. (7)
4 With the morning, Johnnie, as they used to say, comes up with what suggests caution when it's light. (5)
5 Its spaces possibly could be reserved for those who want to get away from it all. (9)
6 An entertainer takes years to have one held as security. (7)
7 Chopping a log is associated with Ireland, possibly. (5)
8 See 1 across
14 A wild deer is not traditionally associated with a rat. (9)
15 A shocking definition! (9)
17 Livery, in a sense, but a hep cat is scarcely disturbed about one. (7)
18 Tom takes one usually associated with a Dale to be regionally Spanish. (7)
20 Leaves and calls for this? (5)
21 Reputedly it's their skin you get away with. (5)

PUZZLED?

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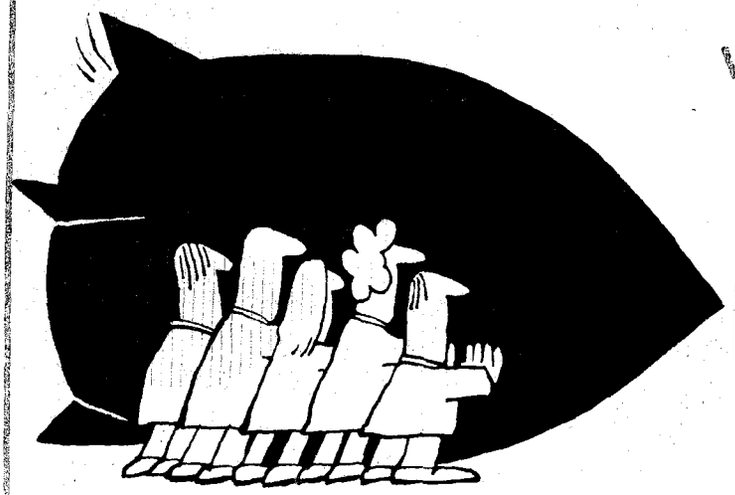

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Saturday Nov. 13—West Berlin—*City Politics and Community Organizing in Berlin*: Alternative bus tour of city with lecture and discussions (afternoon)

Sunday Nov. 14—East Berlin—*History of Fascism*: Visit to Sachsenhausen concentration camp (morning); *Politics of Peace in the German Democratic Republic*: Visit with government representatives (afternoon)

Monday Nov. 15—Dortmund—*East/West Trade, the Gas Pipeline Deal and U.S. Foreign Policy*: Visit turbine or pipe factory (afternoon); viewpoints of Industry, Labor and representatives from the foreign offices of West Germany and the Soviet Union (evening)

Tuesday Nov. 16—Dortmund—*Nuclear Power and Alternative Energy*: Visit nuclear power plant at Hamm (morning & afternoon); Green Party, ecologists and alternative economists (evening)

Wednesday Nov. 17—Cologne—*War & Reconstruction*: Slide show and lecture on WWII bombing raids (morning); walking tour of old section of the city (afternoon)

Thursday Nov. 18—Bonn—*Disarmament Politics, Parliamentary Parties and the 1984 Federal Elections*: Talks and discussions with Christian Democrats (morning), Social Democrats (afternoon)

Friday Nov. 19—Amsterdam—*Disarmament Politics and Parliamentary Parties in Holland*: Talks and discussions with Workers' Party, Christian Democrats, Pacifist Socialist Party, Communist Party-Netherlands (afternoon)

Saturday Nov. 20—Amsterdam—*The Peace Movement and Alternative Politics*: Representatives of various social movements (afternoon)

Sunday Nov. 21—Return to New York City

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